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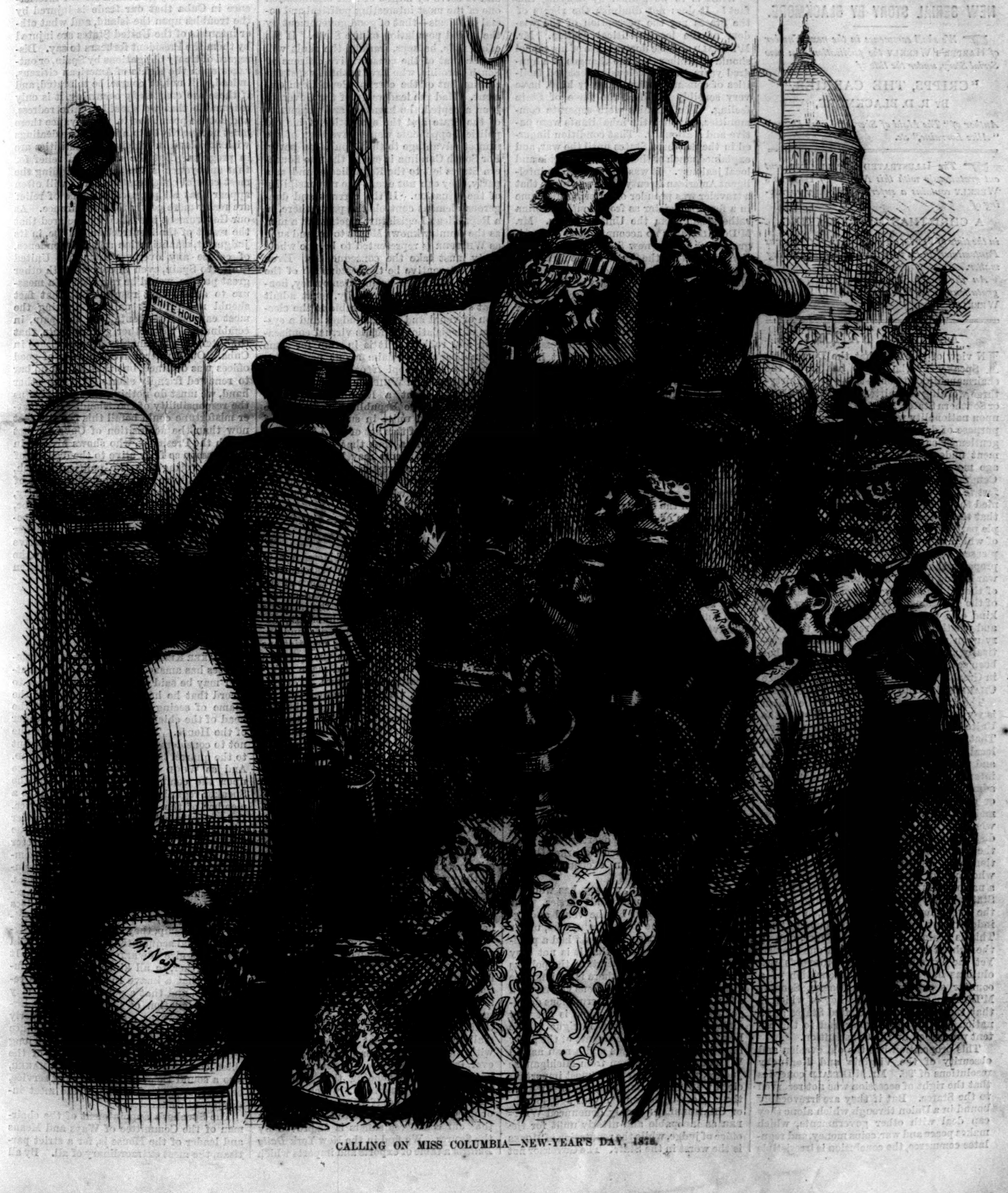

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.

NEW SERIAL STORY BY BLACKMORE.

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ARE WE A NATION?

IN view of the fact that the Democratic Speaker of the House has given the chairmanship of twenty-two out of thirty-three working committees to the late Slave or Southern States, Mr. MORTON'S resolutions upon nationality will be very timely for the purpose of defining the views of honorable gentlemen as to the nature of the government under which we live. A few years ago many of the members of the present Congress were actively engaged in the effort to destroy that government. They denied that they were rebels, upon the ground that the Union was not national, but a simple partnership of sovereign States, any one of which could withdraw when and how it pleased, and appropriate all the partnership property that it could lay hands on. The war having decided against them, and many of them having now appeared as members of the government, it is well to know what kind of a government they think it to be, and whether they have renounced the theory upon which they took up arms. Practically and for the present the question has been settled. So was the Pretender's claim in Great Britain settled in 1715, but Prince CHARLES EDWARD renewed it in 1745.

The question of the nature of the Union is very practical. It is simply whether the United States are in effect a nation or not. That there are distinct States, with distinct local governments, with admitted rights, and that this system, by diffusing political interests and activities, is expedient and admirable, is indisputable. It is not denied or contested. But the other question remains, Do the people of the United States, who maintain for the common welfare the distinct local governments, compose, for all the purposes for which nations exist, a nation, or is the citizen of the United States who lives in New York or Georgia without a nation? Is the government of the United States to-day a national authority, or is it the agent, for certain purposes, of certain independent and sovereign communities? This is plainly a question of fact, and in the light of the war there is but one answer. Yet the introduction of Mr. MORTON'S resolutions has led to the presentation of a counter series by his colleague, Senator M'DONALD, of Indiana, the key of which is that the people of the United States are a nation only in the manner and to the extent prescribed by the Constitution.

This proposition has the old evasion and obscurity of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98. Mr. M'DONALD concedes that the right of secession was not reserved to the States. But if they are irrevocably bound in a Union through which alone they can deal with other governments, which makes peace and war, coins money, and regulates commerce, the conclusion is irresistible that the citizens of those States, being also citizens of the United States, either have no nationality, belong to no nation whatever, or that the United States is the nation to which they belong. Moreover, is it or can it be strictly accurate to say that the people of this country are a nation only in the manner provided by the Constitution? Do facts count for nothing? Is the sentiment of nationality, which has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the Union, not to be considered? Are the history and event of the war without significance? Nationality, like belligerence, is a fact, not a theory. Around the Constitution and within the century there has grown up a national feeling of which the framers of the Constitution had no experience, and of which they could have no foresight. This feeling does not change the letter of the instrument nor magnify the powers which it confers, but it makes actually and substantially a nation of the people of the United States.

What is to be gained by denying this fact? It does not diminish the rights of the States nor the perception of the wisdom of the local political system. Mr. M'DONALD and the doctrinaires of his school should remember that the changes of a hundred years, the marvelously increased facilities of communication of every kind, have very sensibly modified the force of State feeling. The colonies were separate communities, in which the inhabitants were native and stationary. That condition lingered in the Southern States until the war, and explained much of their provincial pride and local jealousy. It was ludicrous to an intelligent American twenty years ago to see that a traveler was prouder of entering his name in a foreign register as from South Carolina rather than from the United States. Mr. M'DONALD takes no account either of immigration or of the new States. His resolutions assert that the States at the formation of the Constitution were each sovereign, free, and independent. How many of them were there? There were then thirteen. There are now thirty-seven. Have twenty-four of them, in fact or in theory, ever been sovereign, free, and independent?

The party skirmishing by Congressional resolution is not conclusive, but it has a certain significance, and we wait with some interest to see whether the Democratic majority of the House, of which the larger part were arrayed against the government, propose to declare that the people of the United States are not effectively a nation.

AN "OUTRAGE" IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

No man in the country has more deserved the gratitude of good citizens of all parties than Governor CHAMBERLAIN, of South Carolina. We did not favor his election, because at this distance it seemed that the very cause which he has been serving could better be served by his defeat. But his opponents at home, the most resolute Democrats as well as honest Republicans, agree that since his election he has, and at great disadvantage, sought only to restrain extravagance, to withstand corruption, and to secure honest and orderly government. The administration of MOSES, his predecessor, was a disgrace to the American name. There was probably never any administration in the country more lawless and corrupt. It was, indeed—and we are sorry to say it—Republican. But MOSES was a native of the State, not a "carpet-bagger," and he was one of the earliest and most furious of the rebels: one of those, as General DOUBLEDAY'S just published and most interesting and valuable *Reminiscences of Fort Sumter* informs us, who appeared in arms in the fort immediately upon its surrender. The MOSES administration was indeed Republican, but it was also courageously overthrown by Republicans, who nominated Governor CHAMBERLAIN, and after an exciting canvass elected him.

His administration, we say, has won the approval of honest men of all parties. But it has been opposed by the venal and ignorant part of the Republicans, who, under the control of MOSES, have just had a perilous success. We know that it is not easy in one State fully to understand the politics of another. But where there is an immense mass of ignorant and credulous voters, with a few clever and utterly unscrupulous demagogues as leaders, the problem is not very difficult. By a successful intrigue in the Legislature, the worst elements of the party have just elected MOSES and a man named WHIPPER, a colored man from Michigan, as judges, and the latter to the most important circuit in South Carolina, which includes the city of Charleston. A year ago Governor CHAMBERLAIN openly denounced WHIPPER as incapable and utterly unfit for the office of judge, while the reputation of MOSES is the worst in the State. The Governor not only regards the election of these men as a great calamity, but he has formally refused to sign their commission. He takes the ground that as by the Constitution of the State the circuit judges are entitled to hold their offices for a full term of four years, and as in this case the terms of the present incumbents will not end until after the election of another General Assembly, the present Assembly has no right to elect their successors. This is a question for the courts, and one which must depend for its solution largely upon precedents. But it is to be hoped that the Governor may be sustained. In any case, his action shows how sincerely he is devoted to the real interest of the people of the State, and it will gather around him all the intelligence, honesty, and patriotism of South Carolina.

Governor CHAMBERLAIN does not misunderstand his position. He says plainly that his aim has been to make the ascendency of the Republican party in South Carolina the guarantee of peaceful order and progress, and to solve by means of that organization one of the most interesting political and social problems—that of good government by the mixed population of the State. If the effort fails, he says, frankly, the fault will not be that of the conservative citizens of South Carolina, who have faithfully sustained him, but of the corrupt Republican element. Had the leadership of the Governor been accepted, the harmony and prosperity of the State and the sympathy of his old political opponents would have been of the utmost advantage to the Republican party. For South Carolina is one of the two Southern States left to the Republicans, and, as a party, they can not evade the responsibility of the situation. If the corrupt and dangerous element controls the party there, if a Republican Legislature elects such a man as the country knows MOSES to be, and such as WHIPPER is represented to be, the whole party must take the consequences. Even if the alternative be the restoration of the ex-rebel and negro-hating Democracy, honest men, however regretfully, must admit that such a result is preferable to the election of venal and unjust judges and a system of legislation which is virtual confiscation and robbery. It is in vain for some Republicans to declaim about negro outrages in Mississippi if other Republicans make MOSES and WHIPPER judges in South Carolina without a Republican protest. The voice of the Republican press of the country should unite in such a chorus of condemnation of this act of the Legislature of South Carolina that that body and its abettors in such acts may know how the party abhors and repudiates its conduct. Here is an "outrage" which the simplest can understand, and which strikes at the root of civil society.

CUBA.

THE President, in his annual Message, said of Cuba that there was no good reason either for acknowledging the independence of the insurgents or for recognizing them as belligerents. But he added that the interests of the United States and of humanity demanded the cessation of the strife, and announced that if the pending negotiations did not satisfactorily adjust the question of wrong and loss, he should make a further communication to Congress. There is really, however, very little actual interest in the Cuban question, except upon the part of speculators. Such an outrage as that of the *Virginius* naturally roused the country, but it was promptly disavowed and atoned for by the Spanish Government, and will not be repeated, because a repetition would be immediate war. There was never a more languid or less bloody contest. It is a desultory warfare of occasional skirmishes, but it is confined to one part of the island, and Cuba seems to have accommodated itself to the insurrection as the body to a local disease. The President speaks of "the injuries to the interests of the United States" by the prolongation of the war, and there is probably a general feeling that our trade with Cuba has seriously declined during the troubles upon the island. But the facts do not sustain this view.

It is not easy to determine in what degree production has fallen off; but undoubtedly there has been an escape of slaves to the insurrectionary region, and for some time there has been no increase of slave labor by importation. But land in Cuba is of very small value, and the sugar-cane readily multiplies itself. The area of hostilities is generally remote from that which supplies us with the chief Cuban products; and wherever it encroaches, the planters recede to new grounds, abandoning their buildings and often the machinery, which are the principal loss; and if there are American owners, they, of course, share the loss. But that our commerce suffers is disproved by the figures. We find in the New York *Daily Bulletin* a table of exports and imports which shows a steady increase in both during the progress of the troubles, amounting to about fifty per cent.:

EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO CUBA.

1873–74	$19,597,000
1872–73	15,231,000
1871–72	13,168,000
1870–71	14,200,000
1869–70	13,091,000
1868–69	12,643,000

IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED STATES FROM CUBA.

1873–74	$86,272,000
1872–73	77,469,000
1871–72	67,720,000
1870–71	58,240,000
1869–70	54,056,000
1868–69	58,201,000

It is possible that had there been no trouble, the ratio of increase would have been greater. But, as an argument, this is like that of the boy who said to his companion, who asserted that smoking could not be a bad habit because his father had always smoked, and was seventy years old. "Yes, but if he had never smoked, perhaps he would be eighty years old."

It is evidently no reason for our interference in Cuba that our trade is injured by the troubles upon the island, and what other interests of the United States are injured by them the President forbears to say. Disregard of treaty obligations by Spain, or outrages upon the rights of American citizens, indeed, will not, of course, be tolerated, and if these are constantly occurring, it is only reasonable that we should require redress, and not the promise of it. Annoyance there must necessarily be to all who have dealings with an island in which civil hostilities are in progress. But the method of relief for that annoyance is a subject demanding the most careful consideration, for it will often appear that all practicable plans of relief are really more costly than endurance. As our Government has officially declared that the result of the insurrection will be, in its judgment, emancipation and independence, of course any overture from the United States to Spain, even in concert with other great powers, would be regarded as a measure to secure that result. But that fact should not prevent us from making the most earnest representations to Spain, in combination with other governments, that the interests of humanity demand peace in Cuba. Our former individual offer of good offices was declined, but that also is no bar to renewed friendly efforts. On the other hand, we must do nothing that will give us the responsibility of the island. No greater misfortune could befall this country just now than the acquisition of Cuba—a fact which the President, who shows himself in the Message so fully alive to the dangers of ignorant voting and of a political Church, ought plainly to see. What the extent of outrage and annoyance to this country, growing out of the insurrection, may be, neither the Message nor any authentic document informs us. But in any "further communication," proposing a more active policy than that at present pursued by the Government, the details of that information would, of course, be furnished.

THE COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE.

SPEAKER KERR'S appointment of the committees has amazed every body. But whatever may be said of him, it is but justice to record that he has spared the country the shame of seeing FERNANDO WOOD at the head of the chief committee and the leader of the House. This result, however, is due not to considerations of public decency, but to the quarrel between Mr. COX and WOOD. And as WOOD is given the second place upon the committee, it is plain that the Speaker regarded only the fact that he is a member of the House and of long service. It is usually held that the Speaker, under such circumstances, is not to consider the moral standing or the personal character of a member, for it is assumed that all members are equals *ex officio*, and that their reputation is the business of their constituencies. This assumption leads to extraordinary results. It seats some men at the dinner tables of others whom, except for the fact of fellow-membership, they would no more recognize as social acquaintances than they would now recognize TWEED and SWEENY. It leads, farther, to all kinds of moral confusion, as that a knave in office becomes respectable, and that a popular election may be a condonation of forgery or petty larceny. If, however, a Speaker may properly disregard personal reputation, why, since FERNANDO WOOD, a sound Democrat of long service, is placed next to the head of the chief committee, should Mr. SCHUMAKER, also a sound Democrat and of long service, be put at the foot of one of the most insignificant committees?

The Speaker's appointment of the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means and leader of the House is, for a strict partisan, the most extraordinary of all. By all the usages of party, an able and recognized party leader is entitled to the position, and the reason is obvious. It is that the reputation of the leader, acquired by faithful and wise service in his party, may be the security of the party that its principles and policy will be respected and carried out. The reason is akin to that which requires the appointment of conspicuous chiefs to the cabinet. It is true that the "reformed Democratic party" in the House is singularly destitute of known or able leaders. But there are at least half a dozen men who are generally known to their party, such as Mr. Randall, Mr. Swann, Mr. Cox, Mr. Holman, and Mr. Lamar. None of these were selected, but Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, was chosen by the Speaker—a gentleman as unknown to his own party in the country as he is to his opponents, and who has been a member of Congress for six sessions without the least distinction of any kind whatever. Indeed, if the inquiry is urged why did the Speaker select Mr. Morrison rather than any other Democrat whose name he might have taken at random from the list, the only plausible reason that can be mentioned is that Mr. Morrison is a clever party manager, "a shrewd worker"—so shrewd that he has been able to secure his election in a Republican district.

A theory more complimentary to the Speaker would be that he had discovered an ability in Mr. Morrison which has not been revealed to others. But this is untenable. The new chairman has been in public life for several years, and if he had possessed the qualities that fit a man for leadership of the House and the headship of its most important committee, they would certainly have made themselves known. We are compelled to assume, therefore, either that the Speaker lacked the heroism to select the member whom he believed to be most fitted, or that he chose Mr. Morrison because of his "managing" powers. In either case the "reformed Democratic" House shows, what very few persons were so dull as not to know, that its object is not "administrative reform," but success in the Presidential election of next year. The duty of the unknown but "reformed" Democrat at the head of the Ways and Means is "to fix things" for the Democratic succession. It can not be said that this House, whose election was hailed as the harbinger of great and necessary reforms, has begun its career with signal promise. Indeed, it is difficult to find a parallel for its apparent inability either to know what it wants or how to obtain it. Its chief work before the recess was an attempted breach of faith in the Louisiana question, a refusal to give the preference in its minor appointments to Union soldiers, a declaration against subsidies, a refusal to stand by the act providing for specie payments in 1879, and the introduction of sundry resolutions to repeal it. To these must be added the list of committees, which satisfies nobody. It is a sorry beginning, and those who have steadily maintained that the remedy for existing evils is not to be found in Democratic ascendency have thus far been fully justified.

MR. BLAINE'S AMENDMENT.

In the letter to a friend in which Mr. Blaine proposed his amendment to the Constitution he wisely says, "The auspicious time to guard against an evil is when all will unite in preventing it." It is, indeed, asserted that the amendment aims not at an actual but at a theoretical and visionary evil, that there is no political attempt making or intended against the schools, and that the suggested amendment is therefore purely fanciful. It is true that no political party proposes to establish public sectarian schools, and if that fact disposed of the question, it would be settled. But it is also true that a great, powerful, and sagacious Church, which holds itself to be superior to all human governments, frankly and unqualifiedly declares its purpose to secure a sectarian division of the public-school money in the various States. It denounces the present school system as radically unjust, and equally reviles the proposition to remove what seems to be the ground of that denunciation as godless. This Church interest sways its members politically more absolutely than any other, and the votes of those members are immensely important to any political party. The temptation to party managers and legislators to buy the support of the votes by yielding to the demands of those who control them is almost irresistible, and in New York, in Ohio, in Connecticut, and in other States concessions have been made to the priestly demands, and the Church interest, as such, has controlled legislation.

As yet no party has so far yielded to this interest as to propose to divide the school money upon a sectarian basis. But as this is the great objective political point of that Church, most sagaciously chosen, and as its purpose never relaxes, as it is infinitely patient and shrewd and impersonal, and full of resources, as its voting power steadily increases, and is already indispensable to party managers in some of the States, is it a purely fanciful suggestion that acquiescence in its demand may presently be made the price of its support? Is any thing more evident, more probable, and less visionary? The real reason of the excitement over what is confessedly not an immediate and threatening issue to-day is the universal consciousness that, unless baffled, nothing will more certainly be a vital issue to-morrow. Many of those who oppose what is called the agitation of the question admit that they object only because the agitation is premature; it is, they say, ten years too soon. But why wait? When an evil which is sure to produce immense mischief if not checked is plainly seen, and its consequences are clearly apprehended, what is gained by refusing to check it upon the ground that it is not yet strong enough to be overpowering? If a ship-master finds a little leak in his vessel, does he wait until it enlarges so that the ocean begins to pour in? If a merchant discovers a constant small theft, does he disregard it until a thoroughly organized robbery threatens his whole estate? Was Tweed's design not a practical issue until it involved millions of dollars?

There is no sounder maxim in statesmanship than that which exhorts us to resist the beginnings. The time to provide for the safety of the schools is when all are substantially agreed upon the ground upon which they should be maintained. As yet no political party has declared that they should be made sectarian, and before that position is taken, it should be made impossible to take it. Nobody who is friendly to the present school system can possibly object for good and patriotic reasons to the amendment proposed by Mr. Blaine, which we trust he will earnestly and persistently urge. It is as follows:

> "No State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any State for the support of the public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect, nor shall any money so raised ever be divided between religious sects or denominations."

A USELESS CLUB.

A body of Republicans in New York, calling themselves the Grant Central Club, lately held a meeting and issued an address advocating the renomination of the President. The address says:

> "We advocate the renomination of President Grant in 1876 because of grave considerations. Our nation is now, under the wise policy of non-interference pursued by his Administration, removed from entanglement with foreign complications. Our internal affairs, firmly but impartially directed, are progressing toward final adjustment. Our financial difficulties are the only obstacles to general prosperity; and in the event of war in Europe, the safety of American securities must bring the bullion of commerce and investment to our shores, provided that no perilous change in our national Administration shall endanger domestic concerns, and, as a consequence, impair our credit abroad. The position of President Grant is so well understood to be alike pledged for peaceful relations with all nations, and for the restoration and guarantee of quiet in our own States, that his name is a synonym for security in peace as in war."

The number of persons present at the meeting was not large, but the argument of the address, being that of all those who seriously urge a renomination, is worth a moment's attention.

The members of the Grant Central Club have probably sneered a great deal at the talk about Cæsarism. Do they know what Cæsarism is? It is the doctrine of their address. It is the advocacy of personal government in a country of laws. It is the assertion that in a republic some one person is essential to the national safety. Their argument is the argument of Cæsar and Napoleon. Louis Napoleon—not the law of France—was "the savior of society." The Grant Central Club virtually argues that General Grant is indispensable to the welfare of the United States.

Can no one but the President preserve us from foreign entanglements, or direct our internal affairs firmly and impartially, or co-operate for a sound financial system? Granting that he is doing all these things, that he is honest, faithful, efficient, if that be a reason for electing him a third time, it is a reason for electing him a fourth and fifth time—it is a reason for electing him as long as he is honest and faithful and efficient. It is true that there is no written constitutional prohibition of such a course; but there is one unwritten. And why? Why is the feeling against a third term so strong as to be regarded as of constitutional sanction? Because of the universal conviction that a continuous re-election, with the enormous patronage of the civil service, would necessarily lead to a subversion of the government. Nothing needs more careful protection among a free people than the forms of freedom. Disregard of the forms is the first sign of the decay of the spirit. General Grant is an honest and patriotic man, who has rendered to his country services which his grateful countrymen will never forget; but if he were as politically wise as the greatest of his predecessors, both for the welfare of his country and for the interests of his party he would long ago have made the formation of the Grant Central Club as useless as that of a club to explore Symmes's Hole.

PERSONAL.

The renomination of General Arthur for the Collectorship of the port of New York, and his immediate and unanimous confirmation by the Senate, is a very high but quite deserved compliment to a gentleman who has won the esteem of the public, especially the mercantile portion of it, by the prompt, courteous, and intelligent discharge of his duties. It is a noticeable fact that General Arthur is the only Collector who has held the office for four years consecutively.

—Dr. Holton Ganson, of Batavia, New York, who died a few days since, after leaving $5000 to his wife, and $1000 each to the Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches, the interest to be perpetually for the benefit of the poor of said churches, and a few other bequests amounting to some $2000, gives the balance of his estate, estimated at $40,000 or $50,000, for the erection of a hospital in Batavia.

—In General Doubleday's *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie*, just published, the following curious "personal" of ex-Vice-President Hamlin occurs: "Hamlin's father named four of his sons Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The fact that one of them was called Africa gave rise to the statement that he was an African."

—Mr. Moody will by-and-by have a fine church in Chicago. It is said in England that the royalty on the sales there of the Moody and Sankey hymn-book amounted, from January to June last, to about $28,000, all of which will go to the building fund of Mr. Moody's church. Should the sales from June to December 31 be as large, there will be quite enough to begin with.

—Hon. Reverdy Johnson seems quite a youth again in London, enjoying the pleasures of high life, fine dinners, the opera, the theatre, etc., and is every where a welcome guest. Why not? Probably no man in America has seen more of the bright side of life than Reverdy Johnson. An able lawyer and statesman, a man of rare conversational power—bright, witty, and courteous—such a man is a godsend to an English dinner table. He was Deputy Attorney-General of Maryland at twenty-one. From 1821 to 1825 he was a State Senator, and in 1845 leader of the Maryland bar, taking at the same time a high position as a practitioner before the United States Supreme Court. In 1844 he was elected to the United States Senate, and in 1849 was brought into the cabinet as Attorney-General by President Taylor. In 1862 he was again elected to the United States Senate, and in 1868 he was appointed minister to England.

—In a recent "personal" we gave a brief sketch of the late James S. Seymour, of Auburn, New York, one of the most venerable and estimable men of the State. By his will he makes public bequests to the amount of $159,000. Among them are $5000 to Amherst College, $5000 to the Auburn Theological Seminary, $3000 to Oberlin (Ohio), $3600 to Beloit (Wisconsin) College, $10,000 to the American Home Missionary Society, $18,000 for a new public library, and $18,000 for a new hospital in Auburn.

—Senator Bogy, of Missouri, is somewhat of a celebrity in his way. He is the only descendant now in Congress of the old French pioneers who at one time had their settlements along the St. Lawrence, the lakes, and the Mississippi. He is sixty-two, portly, possesses the manners and accent of France, and when he rises to speak, one might suppose that a retired French banker had somehow managed to secure a seat in the Senate. He is a lawyer, and has taken an active part in developing the rich mineral resources of Missouri.

—The wealth of Liverpool and its citizens may be inferred by the sums bequeathed by a few leading men who have died during the past twelve months. Eight of these gentlemen have made bequests amounting in the aggregate to upward of $20,000,000, viz., Robert Gladstone, $1,750,000; James Houghton, $2,500,000; Richard Houghton, $2,500,000; Charles Turner, M.P., $3,500,000; James Tyur, $1,000,000; R. L. Jones, $1,750,000; J. J. Rowe, $2,000,000; and H. Dawson, $7,500,000.

—On the 16th of December the Duke of Edinburgh laid the foundation-stone of the new National Opera-House in London, on the Victoria Embankment, between Charing Cross and Westminster Bridge.

—Julian Hawthorne, who has been residing at Dresden, says that Saxon women show more strength and endurance than many of their husbands and brothers, who are accordingly much given to hitching up their better halves in dog-carts to be pulled about by them.

—Mr. Ruskin at present is advocating dancing as a part of religious education, and thus assails young lady Sunday-school teachers: "At present," he says, "you keep the dancing to yourselves, and graciously teach your scholars the catechism. Suppose you were to try for a little while learning the catechism yourselves and teaching them to dance."

—Mr. George Bancroft expresses the belief that the coming Centennial Exhibition will in every respect excel any international exhibition heretofore given. He thinks it will drive away hard times, and encourage immigration to an astonishing extent. Mr. Bancroft thinks the next Presidential campaign will be the most exciting one of our history.

—Mr. M'Pherson, during the twelve years he was Clerk of the House, disbursed over six millions of dollars. When he had a final settlement, a few days ago, the Treasury accounts showed one dollar and seventy-six cents to his credit more than was shown by his own accounts.

—It is said that the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose beauty all men used to rave about when George IV. was king, and whose talents have shown her a worthy descendant of Sheridan, the dramatist and orator, is about to be married to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell. She is sixty-seven years old, her first marriage, to Hon. George Chapel Norton, having taken place in 1821, nearly half a century ago. She was a precocious rhymer, and a volume of her juvenile verses was published in 1820.

—About a hundred of Thomas Carlyle's English admirers, including a number of distinguished authors, sent him the following address on his eightieth birthday, December 4:

> "Not a few of the voices which it would have been dearest to you to hear to-day are silent in death. There may, perhaps, be some compensation in the assurance of the reverent sympathy and affectionate gratitude of many thousands of living men and women throughout the British Islands and elsewhere, who have derived a delight and inspiration from the noble series of your writings, and who have noted also how powerfully the world has been influenced by your great personal example. A whole generation has elapsed since you described for us the hero as a man of letters. We congratulate you and ourselves on the spacious fullness of years which has enabled you to sustain this rare dignity among mankind in all its possible splendor and completeness. It is a matter for general rejoicing that a teacher whose genius achievements have lent radiance to his time still dwells amidst us, and our hope is that you may yet long continue in fair health, to feel how much you are loved and honored, and to rest in the retrospect of a brave and illustrious life."

Accompanying the address was a medal, designed by J. E. Boehm, which had been struck in commemoration of the day. On one of its faces is a medallion of Mr. Carlyle, and on the obverse the words, "In commemoration: Dec. 4, 1875." Silver and bronze copies are struck for the use of subscribers, with a few for presentation to public institutions; the copy which Mr. Carlyle was requested to accept is in gold.

—M. Schneider, the great iron manufacturer, who died recently at Paris at the age of seventy, began life as a bank clerk, whence he rose by degrees to become sole director of the great iron-works at Creuzot, which supply nearly all the French railways with their rolling stock, rails, and machinery. He had 50,000 workmen in his employ, and enjoyed boundless popularity in his district, which he had earned by his devotion to the social and physical comfort of his employés.

—Mr. Ward Hunt, one of Mr. Disraeli's cabinet, has made so many slips during his administration that Mr. Disraeli dubbed him "Hunt the Slipper."

—Mr. Alfred Cope, one of Philadelphia's notable merchants, died a few days since, and gave $25,000 to the Zoological Gardens of that city on condition that no liquor should be sold on the ground, that the animals should not be unnecessarily molested, and that the society should raise $125,000 in addition. This sum has been obtained, and the $25,000 are thus secured.

—It is stated by an eminent foreign publicist that the wealth of the Rothschilds has reached the enormous sum of $3,400,000,000. In mentioning this fact, our contemporary, the *Times*, says: "The significance of these stupendous figures may be rudely conceived by comparison, but there is nothing in the history of private wealth with which they can be compared. The capital of the Barings, the estates of Lord Dudley, the Marquis of Bute, and the head of the family of Grosvenor belong relatively to a humble category, to which the city of New York has contributed the fortunes of Astor, Vanderbilt, and Stewart. The financial resources attributed to the Rothschilds can best be measured by contrasting them with the funded debts of the richest countries on the globe. It will then be found that the capital of this house, as estimated by M. Burnouf, is about equal to the whole funded debt of Great Britain or that of France, and considerably exceeds the national debt of the United States."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress met only one day last week—December 20—and then adjourned over the holidays. Speaker Kerr announced the standing committees. The chairmen of the leading ones are as follows: Ways and Means, Mr. Morrison, Illinois; Appropriations, Mr. Randall, Pennsylvania; Elections, Mr. Harris, Virginia; Judiciary, Mr. Knott, Kentucky; Foreign Affairs, Mr. Swann, Maryland; Banking and Currency, Mr. Cox, New York; Pacific Railroad, Mr. Lamar, Mississippi; Public Lands, Mr. Sayler, Ohio. The Senate, on motion of Mr. Edmunds, declared Mr. T. W. Ferry, of Michigan, President of the Senate until January 7, 1876, and until a fresh appointment shall be made.

A gas-main exploded under the Federal Street Bridge, in Boston, December 22, and killed and wounded a number of passers-by. There was no assignable cause for the disaster.

Information has been received in Washington that the Emperor of Brazil will leave that country probably in April for the United States. He will travel as a private gentleman, as he did four years ago in England, without any distinction as to his rank, and will not only attend the Centennial Exhibition, but will travel over much of our country for pleasure and instruction. The Emperor's daughter, the Princess Isabel, will act as regent during his absence.

Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, has refused to sign the commissions of W. J. Whipper and ex-Governor Moses, the recently elected judges of the Circuit Court.

A report is current in Havana that Tweed arrived in that city, December 21, on a schooner.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The British training-ship *Goliath* was burned at Gravesend, December 22, and twenty of the boys perished in the flames.

A Dutch fleet is on its way to St. Thomas to settle the differences between Holland and Venezuela.

The London *Daily News* has a dispatch from Vienna stating that the eighty insurgent delegates assembled at Jamnetza, Bosnia, have rejected the Sultan's firman proposing reforms as unworthy of confidence. They have formed a sort of provisional government.

Chen-Lan-Pin and Yung-Heng have been appointed ministers from China to the United States.

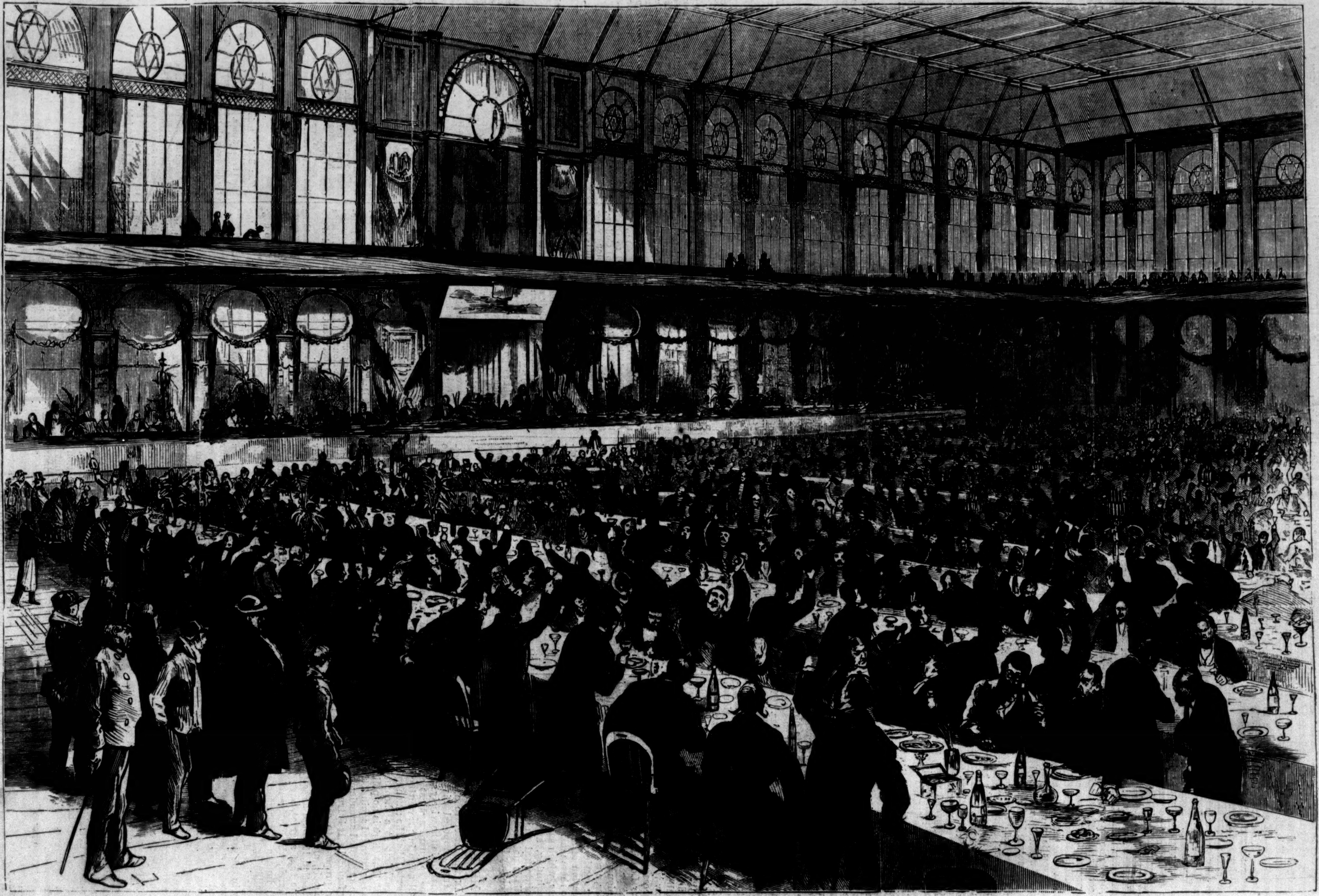
General Jovellar has been re-appointed Captain-General of Cuba. General Ceballos succeeds him as Minister of War.

Henry Wainwright, the murderer of Harriet Lane in Whitechapel Road, London, was hanged at Newgate Prison, Old Bailey, December 21. He confessed that his sentence was just, but would not say that he committed the murder.

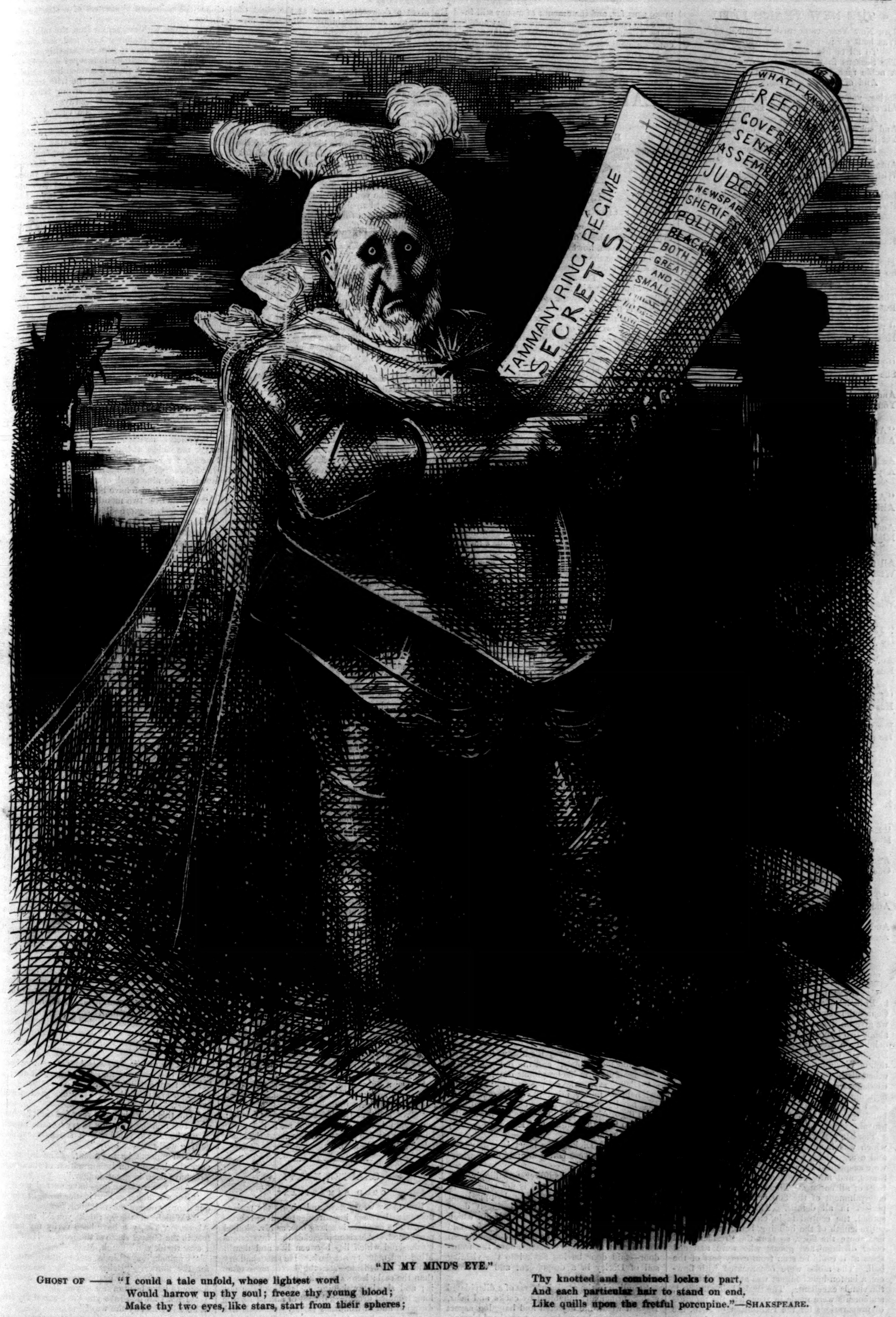
The steamer *Louisiane*, of the General Transatlantic Company, came in collision with the steamer *Gironde*, on the river Gironde, on the night of December 20, and sunk. Sixteen lives were lost.

Two more life Senators were elected by the French Assembly, December 21, which makes the list of seventy-five complete. The names of the two are Admiral De Montaignac, Minister of Marine, and M. Léon Maleville, member for Tarn-et-Garonne, both from the Left. Pierre Bonaparte has published an address, announcing himself as a candidate for the French Assembly in Corsica.

The town of Arecibo, Porto Rico, was destroyed by an earthquake. December 8 and 9.



THE CENTENNIAL BANQUET IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 18, 1875.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 26.]


TAMMANY RING RÉGIME
SECRETS
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT
REFOR
COVER
SENA
ASSEMB
JUDGE
NEWSPAP
SHERIFFS
POLITI
BLACK
BOTH
GREAT
AND
SMALL.
MANY
HALL
Th. Nast

"IN MY MIND'S EYE."

GHOST OF —— "I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE NEW YEAR'S FÊTE.

THE New Year, come to his estate,
Was bent on giving a grand fête
To all of his relations.
The Seasons first received their cards—
A noble race, oft sung by bards,
And of exalted stations.

Spring, young and innocent and gay,
All clad in green and white array,
And crowned with sweetest flowers;
And splendid Summer, joyous dame,
Yet hiding in her eyes a flame
Might end in thunder-showers.

Autumn, the richest of the race,
With blessings in her sun-browned face,
And gifts for all that met her,
Led grumbling Winter, though 'twas known
He'd left to Spring his wealth and throne,
And surely would forget her.

The Months, a steady, wealthy clan,
Had no objections to the plan,
And said they'd fill their places.
The Weeks are workers, understand,
So took their card with dirty hand,
But very pleasant faces.

The Days, of course, were not forgot;
But they are such a motley lot
Pert April fell a-mocking:
"Well, Eighteen-Hundred-Seventy-Six
Has got himself in a nice fix—
Some of the Days are *shocking!*

"There's Washing-Day, who wants to know?
She always growls and grumbles so,
As if all earth had crossed her;
And Moving-Day, in such a muss
You'd think some sprite, to make a fuss,
Had in a blanket tossed her;

"And Cleaning-Day, who'll smell of soap;
And Rainy-Day, who'll sigh and mope;
And Fast-Day, cross and carking.
And there's the Dog-Days, too—oh dear!—
A pretty thing if they start here
Their snarling and their barking!

"And Pay-Day, he is sure to come,
Although I'd rather have his room,
For he does not amuse me.
And Dooms-Day, though far off, 'tis said,
Might really take it in his head—
Young 'Seventy-Six, excuse me!"

All this to merry little May,
Who said: "There's April's Foolish-Day,
Your kin, you are aware, Sir.
And really, now, I know some Days
Whose merits are beyond all praise,
Whom we could hardly spare, Sir.

"There's Christmas-Day: to say the least,
He just has spread a world-wide feast—
A kind, impartial giver;
And good Thanksgiving-Day I know
Has not a single real foe
In any honest liver.

"I grant that Independence-Day
Has got a very noisy way—
He learnt it in his youth, Sir;
For when he first to Earth spoke out,
He spoke above the battle's shout:
We prized him then in truth, Sir.

"The Happy-Days, I think, with me
You'll grant, a pleasant family.
And there's good St. Valentine:
He, with the Wedding-Days, may bear
In every lover's hopes a share:
I'm sure they have all of mine.

"But really I've not time to say
How many friends we have called Day,
Especially the Sunday;
And Working-Days, so full of grace—
One loves to see the cheerful face
Of their good leader, Monday.

"There's sunshine, Sir, as well as cloud,
And good, with bad, in every crowd;
Then cease your pert arraignment,
And make 'mong all the Days good friends,
And you will find the Year intends
Your happy entertainment."

THE CENTENNIAL BANQUET.

CENTENNIAL hospitality began to be exhibited in Philadelphia even before the opening of the Centennial year. An elegant banquet, of which we give an illustration on page 24, was given by about two hundred prominent citizens of Philadelphia on December 18, the guests being the President of the United States, a large delegation of Washington officials and legislators, with other distinguished men. About two hundred carriages were provided, and at ten o'clock in the morning the guests were conveyed to the Park for the purpose of inspecting the Centennial buildings, to which they accorded hearty approval.

The banquet was spread in Horticultural Hall, which was handsomely festooned with bunting and evergreens. From the walls and galleries were suspended flags bearing the arms of all the States, and interspersed among these were the flags of all nations. The arrangements for the entertainment of the 800 persons present were perfect in all details. Thirteen tables were spread, the central table, extending nearly the entire length of the building, being raised a few feet above the floor, so that the President and other distinguished guests who were assigned seats at it could be seen from every part of the hall. The tables were ornamented with flowers, a button-hole bouquet was at each plate, and the viands excellent. The repast being finished, statements were made in regard to the progress of preparations for the Exhibition of 1876, the subscriptions and appropriations which have been made thus far, and the amount of money still required to complete arrangements for the Centennial. The necessary amount is $1,537,100. The entertainment concluded with speeches from several distinguished men.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FALLEN BY THE WAY-SIDE.

YES, Richard Plowden's prognostications of evil are realized. Not quite so fatally as they might have been, however, for Dick had seen in a vision of woe the figure of his friend stretched on a shutter pulseless, lifeless, the generous heart at rest forever. The figure which the gentlemen of the hunt carry along the narrow path by the mill pool holds happily the spark of life still, but so white is the face lying on the huntsman's scarlet shoulder that poor Dick, running out to meet his friend, gives a cry of horror.

"Is he dead?" he asks, distractedly.

"Not a bit of it. He's only fainted. I'm afraid there's a few of his ribs broken. Do you belong to Benfield's?"

Mr. Benfield is the miller.

"No; but I've just come from there; they are getting ready for him. He's my dearest friend. Where's the nearest doctor?"

"None nearer than Cheswold. One of the men has ridden off after him."

They carry Alexis to the pretty old house beside the mill, and up one flight of shallow oak stairs to the best bed-chamber, the freshest and brightest of rooms, with two broad latticed windows overlooking the mill stream and the willows, with their background of green hills. A man might find worse quarters than these in the hour of distress. Even in the midst of his grief Dick glances round the room admiringly, and thinks what a treasure old Benfield, the miller, has in his granddaughter, for it is Linda's taste, of course, which beautifies his home.

They lay Alexis on the pure white counterpane, and Linda sponges his temples with eau-de-Cologne, until presently the heavy eyelids are lifted, and the patient looks about him wonderingly.

He recognizes Dick, and fancies himself at home at the Grange.

This young woman in gray is one of the house-maids, no doubt. How soft and white her hand is! He did not think he had so pretty a servant in his staff.

"Well, old fellow," he says, faintly, and with a wan smile, "you were right. Such a cockney as I oughtn't to go across country with your born Nimrods. Bayard's youth and silliness sent me flying over rather a stiffish bit of timber, and I'm afraid Bayard himself is demolished. By Jove, it was a thundering smash! I wonder if I have any bones whole? I feel as if they were all broken up in short lengths, like barley sugar."

"Thank God, you can make a joke of it!" exclaims Dick. "But you mustn't talk. You've been spitting blood, you know."

"I thought there was something unpleasant going on internally. How did they contrive to bring me home? I haven't the slightest recollection of the transit."

"Home!" echoes Dick, puzzled.

"Yes. I am at home, am I not? Or how do I find you by my side?"

"By a fortunate accident, dear old fellow. You are at Dorley Mill, close by the place where you fell, and in good hands, I am sure. And now not another word till the doctor has seen you."

Old John Benfield, the miller, who has left his work on hearing of the accident, comes in at this moment carrying a steaming glass of brandy-and-water, which he believes to be a specific for all earthly ills.

"Sup it up, Sir," he says, and Alexis is about to comply, when a firm hand takes away the glass.

"Not on any account, grandfather. He has been spitting blood."

"All the more reason why he should have something warm and comforting," says Mr. Benfield.

"You must get him some cold brandy-and-water, grandfather."

"Very well, little lass; it's always for you to order and me to obey," and the old gentleman departs to perform his hospitable duty.

"Dick," says Alexis, presently, "I should feel happier in my mind if you'd go and see what has become of that poor beast Bayard."

"I'll go, Alex. But I execrate the brute. If I were to hear that all his four legs were broken, I shouldn't care."

"Nonsense, Dick. The beast is only young and silly. We were both too ambitious—wanted to fly too high."

Richard leaves the sufferer unwillingly, and goes in quest of the bay. It is not long before he discovers the horse, a good deal chipped and knocked about, but in no wise seriously damaged, in the stable of the one small inn which adorns Dorley village—a house which you would hardly recognize as one of public entertainment were it not for a dingy board above the front-door—said door having sunk into the yielding soil of Dorley in a despondent and one-sided manner.

Standing in the semi-darkness of a dilapidated stable, principally inhabited by cocks and hens, Bayard wears the dejected and hangdog aspect of a horse that knows he has committed himself. He gives a deprecatory snort at the sight of Richard, and comports himself altogether in a submissive and even crouching manner.

"Ah," says Dick, looking at him as ferociously as it is possible for the mildest of men to look—"ah, you murderer! I wish there was a law for hanging such as you!"

He hurries back to Alexis, and tells him that the brute is all right.

"Not a bone broken. He only broke your bones, the beast."

The Cheswold doctor comes presently, having driven over at a slashing pace to so important a patient. Richard supports his friend during the medical examination, which is slow and painful.

The ribs are much hurt, one bone has been pressed inward, whence the blood-spitting. It is altogether a serious case.

"I should like you to see Krysis, of Winchester," says Mr. Skalpel, the local surgeon. "I shall not set the arm till to-morrow. There is a little swelling, and there's a slight tendency to inflammation. I'll send a lotion, which must be applied continually. You ought to have a trained nurse, by-the-way."

"I'd as soon have a ghoul," says Alexis, at which the surgeon fears his mind is beginning to wander. "I detest hired nurses."

"Can't I nurse him?" asks Dick. "I'm strong and wakeful, and I'll obey your instructions to the letter."

"You might be of use, undoubtedly; but I think a skilled hospital nurse—"

"Send me to an infirmary at once," cries Alexis, peevishly. "I won't have a hospital hag near me."

"See how the suggestion irritates him," says Dick. "Could not his old housekeeper come over from the Grange?"

"That might do. Yes, she nursed Miss Secretan, I know. I'll call as I go home and tell her to come over."

"Do nothing of the kind!" exclaims Alexis. "I'll have no old women pottering about me till they come to lay me out. Mrs. Bodlow's a very good soul in her place—makes an admirable curry, and fries potatoes to perfection; but I won't have her at my bedside in the middle of the night. I'd as soon wake up and see the witches in *Macbeth.*"

"Nervous temperament—very," murmurs the surgeon.

"Let Dick, my friend here, nurse me, and no one else," says Alexis.

The surgeon gives way. The servant of the house will, no doubt, be able to assist. All may be well. It would not do to offend such a patient, and this promises to be a long business—a very long business—if it is to result in recovery. There is a possibility of the case being brought to a sad and sudden ending.

Mr. Skalpel takes Dick out on to the stairs.

"It is not a hopeless case?" falters Dick, almost breaking down.

"Hopeless, my dear Sir! Far from that. But I will not diguise from you that it is very serious. There are grave dangers. The greatest care is needed. Much must depend on the state of the blood. Mr. Secretan is a person of steady habits—or, to put it plainly, not a drinking man, I hope—not given to the pernicious practice which our modern slang calls 'pegging?'"

"Half a bottle of claret at and after dinner is about the extent of his dissipation."

"That's a good hearing. We shall pull him through; but remember that good nursing is the main point. If you find yourself inadequate to the task, we must get a trained nurse—foolish prejudice, very—not old hags, by any means. Many of them nice-looking young women."

Down stairs Mr. Skalpel sees Linda, and inquires as to the possibility of assistance in the sick-room.

"I'm quite ready to give my help, if I can be of any use," says Linda, cheerfully.

"No one better," replies the surgeon. "It was your good nursing that got your grandfather through that bad attack of bronchitis last winter. He'd have been in his grave but for you."

"Dear old grandfather!" says Linda, affectionately.

"But you mustn't overexert yourself, you know. I don't want two patients instead of one."

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Skalpel. Elizabeth will help me."

Elizabeth is the maid of all work—a buxom girl who seems to be in a perpetual state of expansion, for her gowns are always too small for her; a girl with a brick-dust complexion, big black eyes like damsons, a double chin, and a countenance expressive of supreme good nature.

"Humph!" says Mr. Skalpel; "I don't know about Elizabeth. Elizabeth has enough to do to take charge of that troublesome adopted son of yours."

Rather a queer look comes over the doctor's face as he speaks of the child—a look of some feeling closely akin to dislike.

"Trot is never troublesome," replies Linda; and again her color brightens as it did when Richard Plowden questioned her about the boy's relationship to herself.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

FOR many weary days and nights the patient fluctuates between improvement and retrogression. The business is a long one, as Mr. Skalpel prophesied. Alexis approaches that mysterious border-land which lies between life and death. Mind and memory are dark. He sees shadowy forms at his bedside—sees the unreal more often than the real; knows not where he is or what he is; and slowly awakening at last, as from one long troubled dream—a dream of almost infinite duration and of wondrous variety—he feels like a child new-born to life, seeking dimly to decipher the unknown characters of a strange alphabet.

Who is this with the gentle face, the mild and thoughtful eyes, shadowy hair, and soft white hands, who ministers to him so patiently, whose voice has such a soothing influence?

Is it his wife? A flash of sudden hope quickens the throbbing of his heart; he tries to raise himself up in his bed, when a strong hand restrains him, and a familiar voice says:

"Alexis, dear old fellow, be careful. Mr. Skalpel says you mustn't exert yourself."

It is no longer winter. The lattices are open, and through the tender green of the willows smiles the blue April sky. Birds are singing—there is a perfume of violets in the room—blessed heralds of spring. Yes, there they are, violets and primroses on the dressing-table—violets and primroses on the little table by his bed. Oh, welcome spring—welcome sense of new-created life in his own frame!

"It was good of you to come to me," he murmurs, with half-closed eyes—"good of you to nurse me. All forgotten, and we shall be very happy now, Sibyl."

He thinks his wife is at his side. A melancholy delusion, which makes Richard Plowden very uncomfortable.

"My dear Alexis," he says, soothingly, "it is not Sibyl; we didn't know where to send for her. The lady who has nursed you was a stranger to you until the day of your accident, but if she had been your sister she could not have done more."

Alexis closes his eyes with a heavy sigh.

"She is very good," he murmurs, resignedly, "and I have reason to be grateful. I took her for my wife—a foolish mistake. I ought to have known better. But I am afraid my mind has been wandering a little."

Alexis turns restlessly on his pillow, opens his eyes again, and looks wonderingly round.

"Violets!" he exclaims. "How good of you to get me violets at this time of year! What a blue sky for February!"

"February!" cries Richard. "My dear fellow, it is the nineteenth of April."

"April? And I have been lying here—"

"A little over two months."

Alexis feels inexpressibly shocked at this revelation. What! the days and nights have been passing, sunrise and sunset, moons waning, and he has been lying there like a log, or like a madman, full of strange fancies and unconscious of the flight of time. This loss of two months seems to him in some wise terrible. It is as if he had been lying dead.

"I suppose I have been very ill?" he says at last.

"Very ill, dear boy; so near death's door that we have often feared the door would open and you would pass the threshold. Thank Heaven, we were able to keep you fast on this side! You have to thank Miss Challice for your life; there never was such a nurse."

"You forget that you have done more than half the nursing, Mr. Plowden," remonstrates Linda, who sits with her face somewhat shrouded by the dimity bed-curtain.

"I— Nothing of the kind. I've tried to obey your instructions, but at best I'm a clumsy assistant."

"You are the best of fellows," says Alexis, stretching out his feeble hand to clasp his friend's. "As for Miss Challice," he continues, "I haven't the faintest idea who she is or how she comes to be interested in me; but I'm intensely grateful."

He falls asleep after this, and slumbers peacefully for some hours. When he awakes it is tea-time, the lattices are closed, and a young moon shines in through the diamond panes. A fire burns cheerfully in the old-fashioned fireplace opposite the foot of the bed. Fire-light and moonbeams shine into the room; flashes of silver and gleams of ruddy gold light up the old furniture, the cups and saucers and the old silver tea-pot on the round table by the fire. They shine too on a quiet figure by the hearth, the graceful form of a girl dressed in gray, who has fallen asleep in an old bamboo arm-chair by the hearth.

"That's Miss—What's-her-name, I suppose," Alexis says to himself. "Curious business, very. Where am I, I wonder? This hardly looks like the Grange."

He tries to raise himself into a sitting position, in order the better to inspect the premises. The process is painful enough to wring a groan from him, and the groan awakens his nurse.

"You mustn't do that," says the gentle voice which has argued and pleaded with him so often in his delirium, but which seems quite unknown to him to-night. "You mustn't try to sit up yet awhile."

"Not yet awhile," repeats Alexis. "I've been ill over two months, and I'm getting better; I believe I am getting better?"

"You are much better—you are getting well very fast."

"Oh, this is getting well very fast, is it? And after two months I am not to try to raise myself in my bed. Do you know it strikes me that's getting well rather slowly."

"You mustn't be impatient. The injury to your ribs brought on inflammation of the lungs. You have been in great danger."

"And you—a stranger—have nursed me?"

"Not a stranger. Providence brought you to our door; you are our neighbor."

"'Which of these, think you?'" murmurs Alexis. "Yes, you have been verily my neighbor, in the Gospel sense of the word. How shall I ever thank you enough, Miss—"

"Challice," says Linda, as he pauses, at a loss for the name. "Believe me, Mr. Secretan, I need no thanks. My grandfather and I are very happy to have been of use to you."

"Dick Plowden says you have saved my life. Where is Dick, by-the-way?"

"He has gone to lie down for a short time.

He has had very little rest of late, poor fellow! And now shall I give you some tea?"

"Yes, if you will be so good. I should like some tea."

She pours out a cup and brings it to him, and raises his head upon the heaped-up pillows which sustain his weary frame, and puts the cup to his lips. It is a curious sensation for him, this awakening to life—curious to look into this strange face in the uncertain fire-light, to hear this gentle voice, to feel the soft touch of these white womanly hands.

"If this were but my wife, it would indeed be awakening to new life and new happiness," he thinks, and the thought that another can so minister to him while his wife treads her selfish way, ignorant of his pain, is very bitter.

"I think I could hold the tea-cup myself," he says, and he makes the attempt feebly, with a tremulous hand.

"Capital!" exclaims Linda. "How strong you are getting!"

"Oh, this is getting strong, is it?" inquires Alexis. "I should like to have seen myself when I was weak. I must have been a pleasing spectacle."

He falls asleep by-and-by in the fire-light, and sleeps long, for he has at this stage of his illness a wonderful capacity for sleep. When he awakes, the fire is burning low, and the dim glimmer of a night-lamp suggests some sepulchral hour betwixt night and morning. Richard Plowden occupies the easy-chair by the fire.

"Where is Miss—Miss—Challice?" asks the invalid.

"In bed, and sound asleep, I hope. She has sat up night after night to watch you, Alex."

"She is very good."

"She is an angel, or as near an approach to the angelic as one can hope to meet with upon earth," replies Richard, with enthusiasm.

"Who is she, Dick, and by what concatenation of events do I find myself in a strange house, watched over by a strange young lady?"

Richard explains.

"Indeed! This is Dorley Mill, and my fair nurse is the miller's granddaughter. If I were a bachelor, now, this might be the opening scene of a charming romance. But I should have taken that young lady for something superior to a miller's granddaughter; she has an air of refinement."

"She belongs by inheritance to the world of art. Her father was a painter."

"Challice—yes, I remember; I have seen pictures of his. He died young, I think."

"He did, and left this young lady an orphan."

Mr. Secretan, finding himself able to sit up in bed and hold a glass or a cup, during the next two or three days shows great anxiety to be taken back to the Grange. He is anxious to pursue the business of life—to see his horses, his gardens, to be within reach of his library. He is quite horrified when Mr. Skalpel informs him that he is likely to be obliged to remain at Dorley Mill for three weeks or a month before he will be strong enough to bear the shaking involved in the easiest journey.

"You need not be in a hurry to leave," says the surgeon; "you have been well taken care of, I am sure."

"I should be an ungrateful hound if I were to forget that for a moment," replies Alexis; "but I should really like to relieve this house of my presence; I have given so much trouble."

"That is all past," says Linda. "Our only trouble was the fear that you would not recover."

"Mr. Benfield must consider me an intolerable nuisance."

"He does nothing of the kind," says Dick; "he is looking forward to your going down stairs as if it were some grand holiday."

Alexis sighs. The comforts and indulgences of a sick-room pall upon his active temperament. But he resigns himself to the inevitable, and Linda and Richard do their utmost to make his life happy.

Now that bodily strength begins slowly to return, he suffers from extreme mental depression. He feels as if this coming back to life were something of a mistake, that it might have been better to have slipped quietly through the dark portal. He feels that he has nothing to live for, neither wife nor child. No kith nor kin, only the beaten round of a prosperous man's existence.

"I who have tasted the bitter cup of poverty ought to find contentment in prosperity," he tells himself; but as the days lengthen slowly to their lingering close he is not content.

"He's dreadfully low-spirited," says Dick to his assistant nurse. "What are we to do to cheer him up a little?"

Linda sighs and looks doubtful; but in the course of the afternoon she brings up some of her favorite books—Shakspeare, Tennyson, Dickens, and offers to read to the invalid.

He is delighted. Any relief is welcome that will take him away from his own thoughts. He chooses the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and Linda reads at his bidding.

"We'll have one of the tragedies when I'm stronger," he says. "I couldn't stand *Hamlet* or *Lear* yet awhile."

From this time forward the reading becomes an institution. Linda is a good reader, her voice round and full, her emphasis always intelligent. Alexis makes a closer acquaintance with Tennyson than he has ever made before now, and renews his boyish delight in Dickens.

In about a week after that first reading he is well enough to go down stairs to the cheerful parlor, but not without support from Richard's sustaining arms. There is no longer any talk of his going back to the Grange yet awhile. He knows his own weakness now, and is resigned to the tedium of a slow recovery.

"You are all so good to me," he says, with tears in his eyes, "I should be a fool to wish myself away from you."

It is a sunny afternoon in early May when he goes down stairs for the first time. Linda has done her uttermost to make the room bright and cheerful. There are flowers, sweet spring flowers, on the chimney-piece, table, and chiffonier; violets, primroses, hyacinths, narcissus, pale monthly roses from the southern wall. A fire burns gayly in the old-fashioned grate, for the invalid is chilly, and May sunshine uncertain. The invalid's couch has been arranged in the coziest corner by the fire. Snow-white pillows, Berlin-wool coverlet, knitted by Linda's own hands as a Christmas present for her grandfather. The brown wainscoted walls are brightened with water-colored landscapes in a higher style of art than Alexis would have expected to find at Dorley Mill; but he learns by-and-by that they are all the work of Linda's pencil.

"What a pretty room!" cries Alexis, when he is established on his sofa, "and what a pretty picture that water-mill makes against the blue sky! I feel ever so much better for the change."

He enjoys the novelty of the apartment as much as if he had come into a new country, and his spirits begin to rise immediately.

"Now I feel that I am really getting well," he says.

It is three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Benfield is to come in at five to tea, and there is to be quite a grand tea-drinking in honor of Mr. Secretan's convalescence. The simple-hearted old man is almost as delighted at his guest's recovery as if the Squire of Cheswold were his son.

Linda seats herself in her favorite chair by the open window. Dick places himself by the foot of the couch. The invalid lies in a lazy silence, looking out at the willows and the mill stream and the green hills beyond. How lovely nature seems to him after his nights of pain and darkness!

Presently he hears a small voice calling "Mammie," and a small hand making ineffectual attempts to turn the handle of the door. Linda runs to open the door, and the prettiest child Alexis ever remembers to have seen runs into the room.

He has soft golden curls all over his small head, and rosy cheeks, bold brown eyes, and the open confiding look of a child that has been reared in love's tender keeping. He clings to Linda's dress.

"Mammie, mammie dear," he cries, "Trot wants oo; Trot nenner sees oo now. Oo viz de genlamum?"

"The gentleman has been very ill, darling, and he wanted me more than Trot does."

"Oo tell tory. Trot want oo alvis."

"You had Elizabeth to take care of you, pet. Elizabeth is very kind."

"See isn't. Me hate Lithabess."

"Oh, you naughty boy! Look, Trot, this is the sick gentleman. Go and shake hands."

"Me won't. Me hate the genlamum."

"Oh, Trot!"

"Cause he keeps oo away from Trot."

"But he won't do that any more, Trot," says Alexis, delighted with this infantile grumbler. "Come to me, my little man, and let's make friends. See what I've got here."

And Alexis produces his watch, that unfailing resource of a man who wants to amuse a child.

At sight of the watch and jingling bunch of lockets and seals the little one's eyes open their widest, and he creeps a little nearer the enemy.

"I don't like oo," he says, "but I'll look at oor watch."

With this protest he goes close up to Alexis, and allows himself to be entertained.

"What a darling little fellow!" says Alexis. "A nephew of yours, I suppose, Miss Challice?"

"No, he is no relation. He is a little boy my grandfather adopted."

"How good of him! The son of an old friend, I conclude?"

"No. We adopted him to save him from the work-house."

"Ah, that is like you—just as you took me in to save me from death."

Alexis does not like to ask any further questions, yet he would be glad to know more about this fascinating little fellow, who soon grows friendly and familiar, and nestles his golden head in the invalid's waistcoat, and plays with the seals and lockets.

Presently the miller comes in to tea, and the table is spread with a simple feast—new-laid eggs, cream, cakes of Linda's manufacture, strawberry jam, which Elizabeth, the maid of all work, secretly believes to be the best strawberry jam in Hampshire.

Trot sits up in his high chair at the table, and behaves very prettily, though he disposes of more bread and jam and follows it up with more cake, than Alexis can suppose beneficial to his internal economy; but then Mr. Secretan has seen very little of children and their ways.

Henceforward Trot is a wonderful favorite with him. He allows the little fellow to come into his room at all times and seasons; he sends Dick to Winchester for a cargo of picture-books, and Trot sits upon the invalid's bed for hours together looking at the pictures, and demanding explanations thereof. When the pictures have been explained to Trot by Alexis, Trot insists on explaining them over again to the explainer, and lays down the law about them and philosophizes upon them in a delightful way.

Never before has Alexis had any dealings with a child. It is a new experience to him. The little fellow amuses him for hours together. The thought that his own son might have grown into just such a boy as this seems a bond of union between him and Trot. The boy grows wondrous fond of him, and places him second only to mammie in his measure of love.

"Have you had Trot long?" Alexis asks one day of Linda.

"Ever since he was a fortnight old."

"What a charge for you! His parents are dead, of course?"

"I know nothing about his parents."

"Indeed! Poor little waif and stray! If you were not so very fond of him I should beg him of you, and make him my son and heir."

"I couldn't bear to part with him. You are not in earnest, of course; but even if you were, and offered him the greatest advantages, I don't think I could bring myself to part with him. I have suffered so much for his sake. Perhaps that is why I love him so dearly."

"Suffered? But how?"

"Pray do not ask me. I can not possibly tell you. It is all past and gone now, and I try to forget it. But it was very bitter."

This sets Alexis thinking, and the thoughts that come of it trouble him. He sees but one solution of the enigma, and that is one which casts the shadow of disgrace on Linda Challice. Can she, this gentle, lovable girl, with her fair, innocent face, be something less pure and perfect than he has believed her? The suspicion pains him as keenly as if she were his sister or his plighted wife. He lies awake for many a weary hour pondering over this painful question. For a little while even his heart turns from poor Trot, who is distressed at finding his new friend less kind; but Trot soon makes himself beloved again. Whatever misery Trot may have unconsciously occasioned, Alexis can not help loving him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1876.

Sunday,	9.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	16.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	23.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Tuesday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	30.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

FEBRUARY.

Wednesday,	2.—Purification B. V. M.
Sunday,	6.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	13.—Septuagesima.
Sunday,	20.—Sexagesima.
Thursday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	27.—Quinquagesima.

The President's recommendations in relation to the public schools and the taxation of church property have received great attention from the religious press. *Zion's Advocate* says, for the Baptists of Maine, that the drift of public opinion among them "is unquestionably in the line of the President's recommendation for the taxation of church property." The *Churchman* (New York) thinks that "the recommendation of the President is a very significant sign that attacks upon the Bible will not help forward a division of the school funds. We do not believe that the constitutional amendment proposed can be adopted. It is in its nature self-contradictory. Its opponents will not merely be Roman Catholics, but will embrace that large number in all religious bodies who believe that no government can possibly prosper which does not teach religious truth in some form to its children and youth." The *Methodist* says: "We can not shut our eyes to the fact that the question has been forced upon national consideration by papal intrigues, and we devoutly hope that a swift and nearly unanimous assent of the country to the proposed constitutional amendment may sweep away the danger that menaces us, and leave us in possession of our old boast that a free church in a free state is not only wise statesmanship, but a mighty Peace." The *Observer* doubts the expediency of action by the general government, where action by State governments will suffice, but has long expected that the interference of the Catholics with the public schools would bring about the state of feeling of which the President's Message is one expression. Other papers treat the subject in the same thoughtful spirit, but without entire unanimity as to the remedy.

The Congress of the republic of Ecuador have determined to render all possible honors to the memory of the late President Garcia Moreno. The preamble of the act passed declares that the murdered President shall be called "illustrious regenerator of the country, and martyr of Catholic civilization," and that a mausoleum surmounted by a statue shall be erected over his remains.

The question of the admission of Freemasons or Odd-fellows into the fellowship of the United Presbyterian churches has occasioned some trouble in the city of Philadelphia. The United Presbyterians have a disciplinary rule which declares that church members *ought not* to have fellowship with associations, political or benevolent, "which impose upon their members an oath of secrecy, or an obligation to obey a code of unknown laws." An Odd-fellow of Philadelphia asked admission to the North United Presbyterian Church, of that city, and would have been rejected by the Session but for the casting vote of the pastor. The minority appealed to the Presbytery, which sustained the vote of admission; further appeal was made to the Synod, which ordered the Presbytery to discipline the North Church for admitting an Odd-fellow to membership. The Presbytery, from fear of making trouble in the churches under its care, has refused to obey the Synod. Meanwhile the pastor, the Rev. Joseph R. Kerr, being unwilling to construe the article of the Discipline as prohibitory, has resigned the charge of the Philadelphia church, and has accepted a call to the Thirty-fourth Street Presbyterian Church, New York.

The Rev. Dr. Swing has begun his career as an independent minister in Chicago. On the occasion of the delivery of his first sermon M'Vickar's Theatre was crowded, as many as 3000 persons being present. At the first sale of seats the receipts amounted to $10,000. Dr. Swing embodied the doctrinal basis of his church in these words: "Those who assemble here desire to deal not only in the theology and morals of Christ, but to live in the midst of that spirit that enveloped the Lord in all hours. ....It leaves the ninety and nine in the field of truth, and goes forth toward the one infidel, or atheist, or skeptic who may seem to be wandering in the wilderness of entangled thought.... We ask the great circle of the churches around us to extend to us their good-will: we omit not even the Jew or the Catholic."

The Rev. Dr. J. D. Fulton, whose resignation of the Hanson Place Baptist Church has been announced, is likely to become the pastor of another Baptist church in Brooklyn. About seventy of the Hanson Place members will follow him; to these will be added the society worshiping in Adelphi Street; the new society will, it is announced, be ready for organization early in the year.

Very curiously the question whether infanticide is prevalent in China is likely to be tested in the French courts. An association of Catholics exists in France which collects money for the rescue and rearing of exposed infants by missionaries in China. A well-known French author denied the facts as alleged by the association, and pronounced it unworthy of confidence, and for these defamatory assertions he has been prosecuted. The Paris *Monde* has copied an edict of March 27, 1866, published in the Pekin *Official Gazette*, against the practice of infanticide. M. De Beauvoir, a French traveler, whose book on China has been republished in this country, bears testimony to the existence of the practice from his own personal observation.

A protest against the use of the Bible in the public schools of Philadelphia has been sent to the Board of Education by the Liberal League of that city. They say that "the equal rights of all citizens demand its exclusion from the public schools, because the schools belong equally to all citizens."

There will shortly be no Catholic bishops left in Prussia. Very soon, no doubt, the Archbishop of Cologne and the bishops of Münster and Treves will be deposed. No vicars are allowed to administer the dioceses in the absence of their proper heads. The prelates will not consent to the education of the priests at the state universities, and the government will not relax its claims. So far in this protracted contest Prussia has been the victer.

Dr. Begg, the leader of the opposition, in the Scotch Free Church, to the dissolution of the union between church and state, has recently offered a motion in the Presbytery of Edinburgh which calls for a government commission to examine into and report upon the ecclesiastical condition of Scotland. The motion was strongly opposed, and finally lost. The Presbytery adopted another motion which declared that the termination of the existing connection between church and state was essential to a right arrangement of ecclesiastical affairs.

A Paderborn paper is authority for the statement that since the conflict began between Bismarck and the ultramontanes the priests have paid 60,000 francs in fines, and have suffered 50,000 days' imprisonment.

The reunion of theological students and professors at Andover, at the invitation of Andover Seminary, was a very enjoyable occasion. Boston Seminary (Methodist) sent eighty representatives, Newton (Baptist) sixty, and the Cambridge Episcopal School eight. A dinner was given to the guests present, after which addresses were delivered by Dr. Warren, Dr. Lincoln, and Professor Park.

A special delegate is to be sent to Brazil by the Pope to settle the questions pending between the government of the empire and the Holy See.

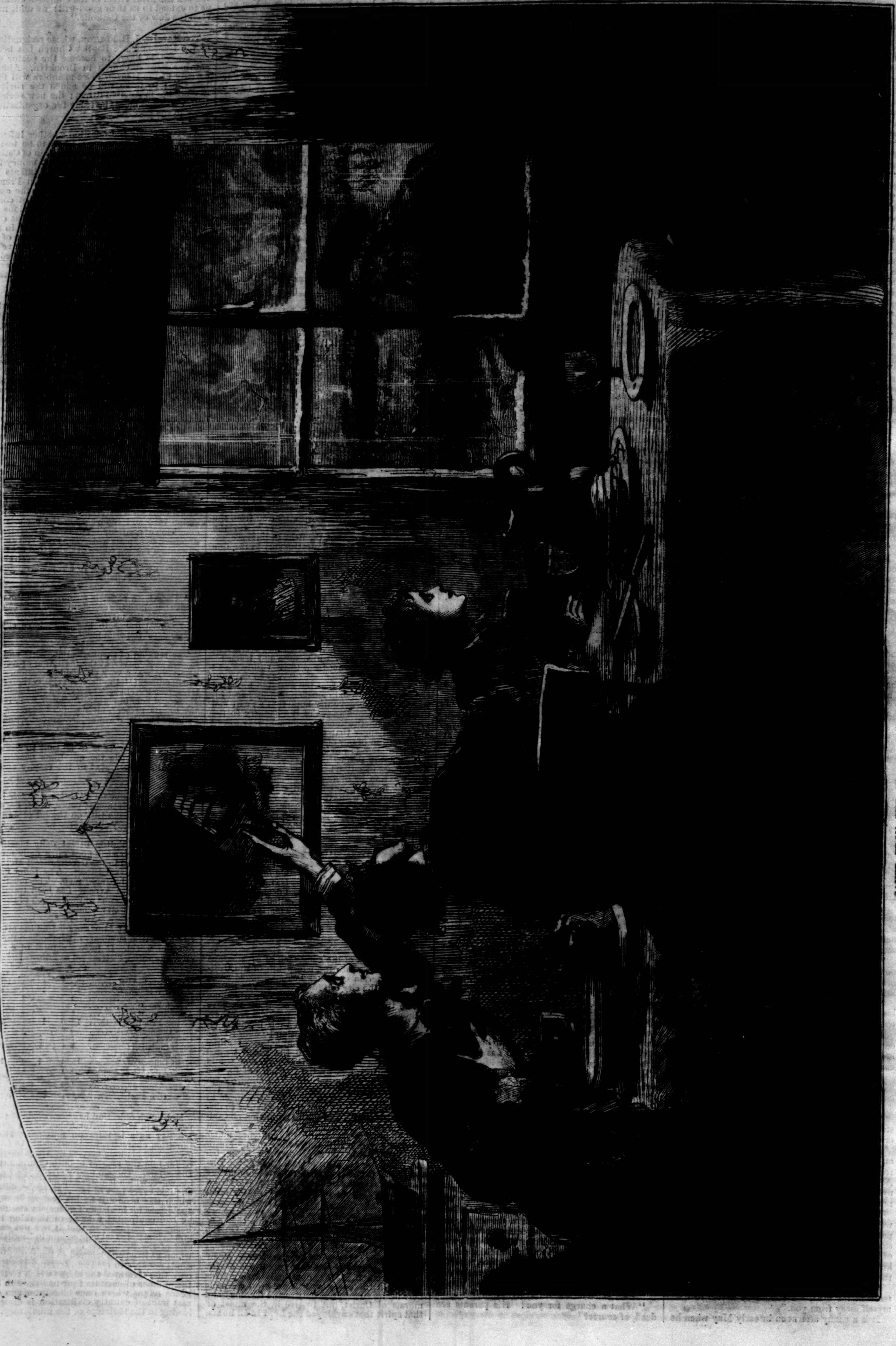
The *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate* is the title of a new Methodist paper, which began its career in Salt Lake City on the 1st of January. It will be strongly anti-Mormon.

Besides the Fulton Street daily meeting in this city, which still goes on, a daily meeting has been opened in the Greene Street Methodist Church, near Canal Street. The room used is crowded with business men. The meeting in Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue, has been transferred to the Mission-rooms of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and is well attended.

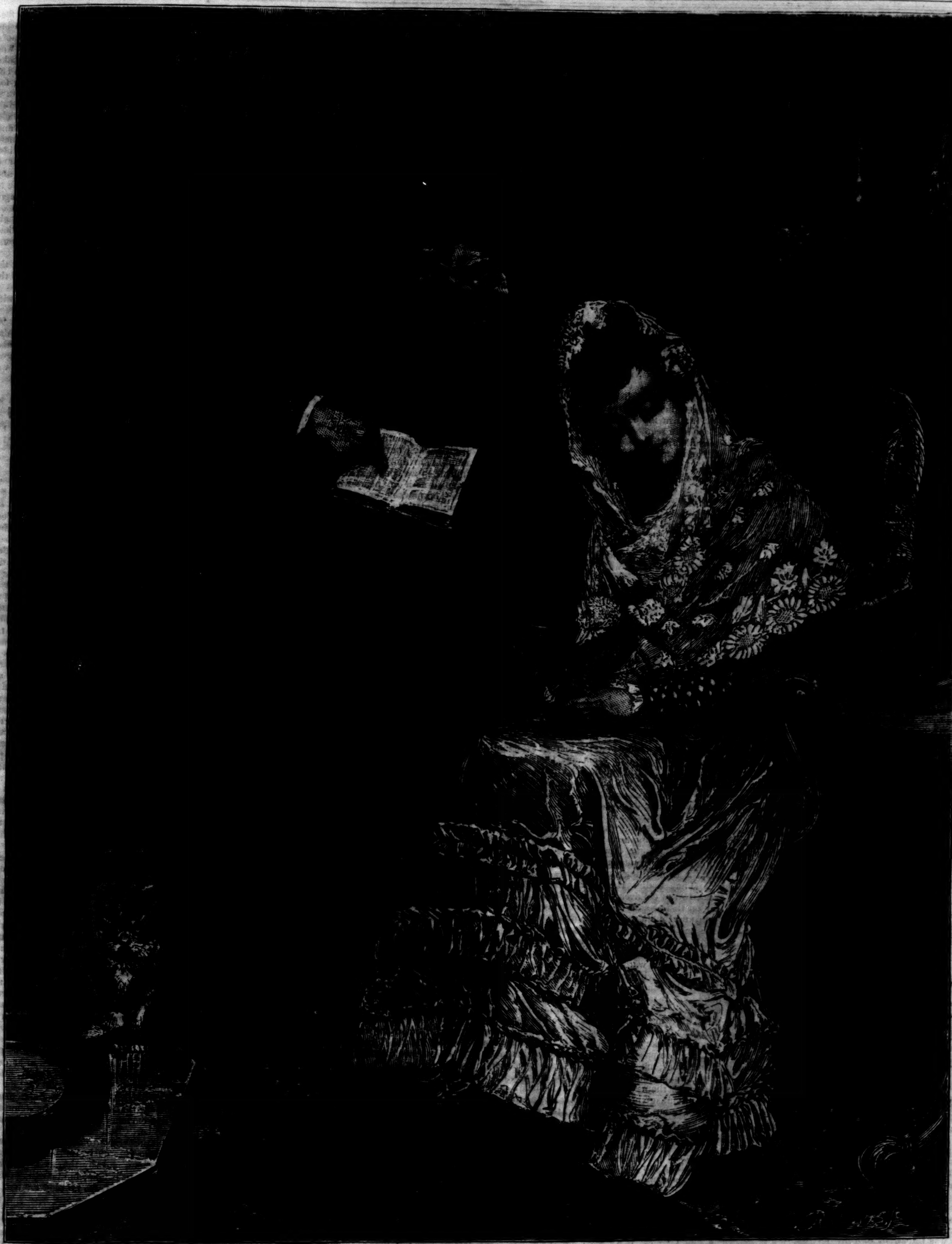
The Methodist Almanac for 1876 has attempted a statistical summary of Methodism throughout the world. It makes a total of 4,189,106 communicants, distributed as follows:

	Itinerant Ministers.	Local Preachers.	Lay Members.
Methodists in U. S.	20,453	24,384	3,173,229
British Wesleyans........	2,589	13,720	467,583
Irish "	185	800	21,273
French "	27	96	2,030
Australian "	862	750	67,912
British Primitive Meth. ..	1,020	14,838	169,660
New Connection	158	125	25,837
United Meth. Free Church	354	3,428	74,702
Bible Christian Churches.	274	1,747	26,878
Brit. Wes. Reform Union.	538	104	8,093
Meth. Church of Canada..	1,004	1,000	102,887
Meth. Epis. Ch. in Canada	247	201	23,012
Other Methodists not included above............	380	420	26,000
Grand total........	28,091	61,613	4,189,106

Not much objection has been made to the appearance in Westminster Abbey of the Rev. Dr. Moffat as a lecturer on missions. His fine Christian character, his relationship to Livingstone, and his long service in Africa have gained for him the respect of both Churchmen and Dissenters. Though nearly eighty years of age, his voice, which is described as rich and musical, filled every part of the section of the abbey which was occupied by his congregation. He apologized for his lack of fluency by stating that he had contracted a habit of thinking in the Bechuana language, so that it was not easy for him to find the exact expressions in English. He said of the Bechuanas of South Africa, among whom he lived and labored so long, that "thousands are able to read and treasure the Bible as once they treasured the marks which testified to the number of enemies they had slain in battle. Peace reigns where once blood ran, and over a vast tract of country civilization is closely following in the footsteps of the missionary."



SAVED FROM THE SEA.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE "THE STEWARDESS'S STORY," PAGE 30.]



CAUGHT READING A PROSCRIBED BOOK.

READING A PROSCRIBED BOOK.

As a natural consequence of the claim of the Catholic Church to authority in matters of religion and to infallibility, that Church also claims the right of watching over the faith of its members, and of guarding it against every danger of corruption, the chief among which is held to be the circulation of books injurious to faith or to morality. For this purpose a catalogue is published by papal authority, called the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, containing the list of books the reading of which is prohibited to members of the Roman Church, either on doctrinal, moral, or religious grounds.

The earliest instance in which this restrictive authority was exercised was the prohibition of the writings of Arius, founder of the heresy known by his name, which disturbed the Church in the middle of the fourth century. The earliest example of a prohibitory catalogue is found in a decree of a council held at Rome under Pope Gelasius, which, having enumerated the canonical books of Scripture and other approved works, recites also the apocryphal books, together with a long list of authors whose writings it prohibits and orders to be eliminated from the libraries. The mediæval popes and councils pursued the same course in regard to the heterodox or dangerous writings of their respective periods, and the multiplication of such books after the invention of the art of printing led to a more stringent as well as more systematic procedure. One of the gravest undertakings of the Council of Trent was a more complete and authoritative enumeration of all those books the use of which it was expedient to prohibit to the faithful. A committee was appointed for the purpose, and had made great progress in the work; but it was found impossible to bring the examination of the books to an end before the close of the council; and the entire papers of the committee were handed over by the council to the Pope, with the instructions that the work should be completed and the result published by his own authority, which was done by Pius IV. in the year 1564. It was republished during the following year, and again from time to time, with the addition of such new books as it was deemed expedient to prohibit. The edition best known to modern theological readers is that of Rome, 1819. In the intervals between the editions the decrees by which further additions to the *Index* are made are published at Rome and circulated in the various countries.

The prohibitions of the Roman *Index* are of two classes—either absolute and total, or partial and provisional, "until the book shall have been corrected." The ground of the prohibition may be either the authorship of the work or its subject, or both together. Under the first head are prohibited all the writings of heresiarchs—*i. e.*, the first founders of heresies—no matter what may be the subject. Under the second head are prohibited all books confessedly immoral, and all books on magic, necromancy, etc. Under the third are prohibited all books of heretical authorship treating on doctrinal subjects, all versions of the Bible by heretical authors, and all books, no matter by whom written, containing statements, doctrines, or insinuations prejudicial to the Catholic religion.

The preparation of the *Index*, in the first instance, was committed to the care of the "Congregation of the Inquisition" at Rome; but a special "Congregation of the Index" was established by Pius V., and more fully organized by Sixtus V. This congregation consists of a prefect (who is always a cardinal), of cardinals, of consulters, and of examiners of books. Its proceedings are governed by rules which have been authoritatively laid down by several popes, and contained in a written constitution.

The growth of modern literature has, of course, entirely outstripped the limited and tardy machinery of this tribunal. A very small proportion of even the most anti-Catholic publications outside of Italy find their way by name to the Roman *Index*. But besides the positive prohibitions of the *Index* itself, there are certain general rules regarding the use of books by which the freedom of what is considered perilous or pernicious literature is much limited among the members of the Roman Catholic Church.

Few parts of the Catholic system are more repugnant to intelligent Protestants than the use of the *Index*, for it strikes at the root of the fundamental principle of Protestantism—that of private judgment. And this theoretical repugnance is increased by seeing that such names as Gibbon, John Stuart Mill, Bacon, Milton, and Addison are put under the ban.

In a country like our own, where the Protestant and Catholic literatures are so interwoven that it is almost impossible to separate them, it would be absurd for the Roman Church to attempt to bring the rules of the *Index* into practical operation; but in purely Catholic countries the task is attended with less difficulty. Our illustration shows us a young Spanish lady who has been surprised by one of the priesthood in the act of reading a proscribed book. The serious nature of the offense can be gathered from the indignant expression of the angry father and the look of penitence and humiliation worn by the fair culprit.

THE STEWARDESS'S STORY.

[See Illustration, "Saved from the Sea," Page 28.]

It was Christmas-eve. I was spending it not in the sweet circle round the home fireside, but in the saloon of a Southward-bound steamer, where there was nothing to remind one of the blessed season of peace and good-will save a solitary cross of evergreen which one passenger had fastened over her state-room door. It was a wild night. We were just off Cape Hatteras, and the vessel was rolling like a plaything in the hands of the stormy sea. A violent snow-storm was raging, and on deck the scene was dreary and arctic. Snow and ice covered every thing, and the muffled forms of the sailors passing to and fro under the glare of the lanterns appeared like the weird ghosts of dead arctic voyagers. I was glad to seek the warm saloon and gather myself into a corner of a lounge. To watch the movements of the passengers was amusement enough, and served to prevent me from thinking too tenderly of the home circle where I was missed from the festivities of Christmas-eve.

The usual crowd was collected which one always sees on a steamer Southward bound in the winter-time. Here around a table were gathered a group of men, probably sugar merchants, striving, in spite of the motion of the ship, to play a quiet game of euchre. Stretched on the sofas were ladies in all the stages of seasickness. A few children not yet put to bed were crouching on the floor with their nurses, and in a warm corner near the heater lay a poor consumptive girl, carefully watched over by her mother and brother. She was going to die under the orange-trees. Only the old story repeated over and over again every winter.

Moving round among all those who were sick was the trim, plump figure of the old stewardess. She was carrying bowls of broth, tumblers of chopped ice, and all those little delicacies so welcome to a sufferer from seasickness. The quiet, placid face of the old lady interested me, and in those few days already passed since leaving port we had become firm friends. With the quick instinct of a woman who had had to do with all kinds of people, she felt that I liked her company, and she had already formed the habit of coming for a quiet chat with me the last thing at night after all her seasick charges were safely tucked in their berths and her duties for the day over.

I was impatient to-night for her leisure hour to arrive, for I saw a strange tenderness in the old lady's face, and felt sure that the season was arousing old memories in her heart, which perhaps I could induce her to tell me. So when at last she came and sat down on one end of the lounge where I was lying, I said, trying to lead the conversation to what I felt was uppermost in her mind, "It's a rough night for Christmas-eve."

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, smoothing the folds of the kerchief across her breast; "but I've seen many a rougher night at sea in my day, and"—thoughtfully—"sadder Christmas-eves too."

"Have you spent many years on the ocean?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, but not in this way. I used to have my own little cabin in my husband's ship—a cozy little place, where I used to be always at his side, and never felt afraid of storm nor wind."

"Tell me about it," I said. "Surely a life like yours has had much of interest in it."

"Well, ma'am, I've been thinking it all over to-night, and if you don't mind, I'll tell you some of the things a sailor's wife has to pass through, and how her heart gets wrung very hard sometimes.

"I hadn't much knowledge of those things when I married Charlie, for I was a slip of a girl then, and knew no more of the sea than one learns in watching the vessels sail out of and into a quiet land-bound harbor. So when Charlie asked me to be his wife and go to sea with him—for although he was young, he had a ship of his own—I said yes with all my heart, for I loved the honest-hearted sailor, ma'am, ever since we were little children together. I only thought then of all the strange sunny lands Charlie had told me about, and to go to see them with him was to take a trip to paradise. Well, we were married just before he was to start on a voyage to Brazil. I mind me so well of that voyage, ma'am, just as if it all happened yesterday. It was late in November when we started, and right here off Hatteras we had a terrible gale. I was so frightened when the wind howled and whistled through the rigging, and almost wished myself back in the old cottage with mother—for I had a dear mother then, God bless her memory!"

The old lady's voice broke, and she stopped to wipe away the tears which ran down her cheeks.

"But when the wind blew the wildest, Charlie only laughed, and at last I cried myself to sleep in his arms like a frightened child.

"And when we came down into the warm tropic seas I was so happy watching the schools of flying-fish and the great floating fields of gulf-weed; and at night, when the sea was shining and the ship seemed passing through a lake of silver, all my dreams of paradise were realized.

"Then came the foreign land, with strange, swarthy faces, and words I didn't know, and odd fruits, and all manner of queer things. Charlie was never tired of bringing me new and curious trinkets, and I made my little cabin as fancy as a Chinese toy-shop.

"When we came home from that voyage, my little Minnie was born. She was a darling blue-eyed baby, and Charlie was so anxious for her comfort that he persuaded me to stay at home with mother, and he went on the next voyage alone.

"But I couldn't bear it; so when he came home again, I begged him to let me go back to my home in the little cabin. He had found it desolate enough without me, so he said, and we went again together.

"This voyage we lay a long time in the Brazilian port, and before we sailed for home, another baby was in my arms. We called her Pepita, after our dear old ship, and it was hard to say which the sailors petted the most, the ship or the baby.

"All went well with us until we were within three days' sail of New York, and then a terrible storm came on. It was in the winter, and for eight long days we tossed at the mercy of the tempest. It was an awful time, ma'am. Charlie didn't laugh then; and although he tried to speak cheerful words, I could see he was almost wild with anxiety. I'll never forget that time, when I sat day and night on the cabin floor, with Minnie clinging to my dress and poor little Pepita in my arms, listening to the waves crashing against the ship as if every moment must be our last. The sailors would come down now and then for a drop of hot coffee and to warm their frozen fingers, for every thing on deck was covered with ice. They hadn't the heart, poor fellows, to speak to the children, and I saw more than one tear on their rough cheeks when they looked at them, and Pepita would smile and stretch out her little hands in her unconscious baby way.

"But God saved us after all. In the evening of the eighth day the wind changed, and we drifted into calmer water. If it hadn't been for the east wind blowing, we might just as well have drifted the other way, for the ship was almost helpless. It was about two in the morning when Charlie rushed into the cabin and almost carried me in his arms to the door. There I saw, gleaming through the fog, two great shining lights. They were like angels' eyes looking from heaven to me. I've passed those Highland Lights many a time since, ma'am. I've seen them in soft summer evenings and clear spring mornings, but I never see them without my whole heart going out in thanksgiving and praise. No one to whom they have not shone as they did to me that night can know what they really mean, standing there on the headland and pointing to heaven.

"Well, we saw the lights from other vessels all around us, and at daybreak a tug was alongside taking our forlorn, nearly wrecked ship up the harbor, and before night I laid Pepita in my mother's arms.

"After that, Charlie wouldn't hear to my going to sea again. He said he could bear any thing if the children were not suffering too; so, for the sake of my little ones, I consented to stay behind. Charlie bought a little cottage on the Jersey coast, where I could overlook the sea, and I settled down quietly to take care of the children while he went his voyages.

"He kept on going to Brazil and back for a long time. Twice I left the children with mother—for she had come to live with us in the cottage—and went with him, for it hurt me to pass all my life away from Charlie's side. So every thing went well with us. We owned our cottage and a bit of a garden, where mother and Minnie used to pass long summer days weeding and watering and tending the beds of poppies and marigolds and asters—old-fashioned flowers such as mother loved. Pepita was her father's own girl. She loved the sea, and would leave Minnie to take care of the garden, and go and sit for hours on the beach watching the waves tumble in among the stones and beat against the foot of the cliff. When Charlie came home she was always the first to see him far down the road, and I'll never forget how her pretty face used to look as she would come dancing up the garden path pulling him with both her hands, and he laughing and calling her all manner of tender names.

"Those were sunny days, ma'am, and I'm sure never was a happier family than the one gathered round our little table while Charlie was at home.

"We had saved a good bit of money, too, for Charlie wasn't like some sailors, who throw every thing about when they are on shore. Every penny we could spare he laid by for the little girls; for they were always little girls to him, and always will be.

"But our day of anxiety was to come. An opportunity was offered Charlie to go on a long voyage to the East Indies. The chance, as we looked at it, was too good to be thrown away; so he sold the *Pepita*, which was getting to be an old ship, and went off as half owner of another bark, the *Arago*. It was hard to let him go for so long a time. South America seemed like home, but the East Indies was an unknown world. He was so full of hope that he tried to go off in his usual jolly way, kissing Minnie and telling her she would be a little woman when he came back—she was fourteen then—and promising Pepita no end of curious things from the foreign lands; but there was a great heaviness in my heart, and when he came and put his arm around me and said, 'Keep up your courage, Maggie; I'll soon be back,' I couldn't look at him. I hid my face in my hands and sobbed like a baby.

"After he was gone we settled back into the old ways; the children went to school, and mother and I kept the house tidy. But I was uneasy; I didn't dare to say any thing to trouble the girls, but I never lay down at night without dreaming of shipwreck, and when the time came round when we could expect news from Charlie, it seemed as if my heart would burst with anxiety. The news never came. Day after day we waited, and little by little a sad silence settled down on our cottage. When word would come of the arrival of ships which sailed long after Charlie's did, we would look in each other's faces and never speak a word, but each knew what sorrow was in the other's heart. Only little Pepita never gave up. 'My father will come back; my father will come back,' she used to say, until I couldn't bear to hear her, because I couldn't believe it; and when she used to stand for hours, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing off over the water, it drove me almost wild, because I knew what she was watching for.

"A summer and winter and another summer had passed since Charlie went away, and when Christmas came round again I laid my poor mother in the church-yard, and came back alone with my children to the cottage.

"How I got through the next year, ma'am, I can never tell. As I look back it appears like an awful dream, but I do remember the Christmas-eve, the third without Charlie. Minnie, Pepita, and I sat huddled round the fire talking in low tones about our lost; for we could bear now to speak of him sometimes, and it soothed me to hear the children talk and to see how much they loved him. Pepita tried that night to sing one of the sailor songs he had taught her, but she couldn't do that. Her voice broke down, and we couldn't one of us speak another word.

"It was a sad Christmas-eve, ma'am—the first one when all hope had really gone out, and when I lay down to sleep that night I felt that, except I must live for the children's sake, it would be such a blessing to die.

"Christmas morning was very clear, and I remember how the sunlight danced in our little kitchen. It fell like a blessing on Minnie's pretty hair, making it sparkle like gold, and reflected on the picture of Charlie's ship—not the lost one, but the dear old *Pepita* which hung on the wall.

"The children kept busy preparing our little Christmas dinner, but I couldn't do a thing that morning. My heart was like lead—so stupid are we sometimes, ma'am, so blind to God's mercy hanging over us.

"The table was spread, and we sat down to our sad repast. Minnie folded her hands to say grace, when—oh, ma'am, I can hardly tell you about it, even after all these years—Pepita screamed like one mad with joy. I sprang to my feet. I couldn't tell what had happened to me. I saw looking in at the window—Charlie—Charlie alive and well!

"I don't know how it all was; I know I couldn't move. I saw as in a dream Charlie in the room and Pepita's arms around his neck; then I fell on his shoulder like one dead.

"There are no words to tell you, ma'am, of the joy and happiness we knew in our little cottage that Christmas-day. We couldn't realize it ourselves. I didn't dare to take my eyes from Charlie for a moment, lest I should look back and find him gone. Minnie and Pepita both sat clinging to him and caressing him. He had a long story to tell us of shipwreck upon shipwreck, of long waiting upon lonely islands, watching month after month for sails which seemed never to come—adventures through which many a poor sailor has passed, and from which many a one has never come back to tell the story as Charlie did.

"That night, sitting by the fire after the children had left us alone, I made Charlie promise me that he would never leave me again, but would give up the sea and stay with us in the cottage.

"I didn't realize till long afterward how hard it had been for him to promise me that. I had come to have such a terror of the sea that I couldn't realize how a sailor's heart delighted in it. When years had passed, and Minnie and Pepita had both married and left us alone, I began to feel how hungry Charlie was for the life he had loved so much. He used to spend his time wandering about the docks and going on board the ships in from foreign ports; and sometimes he would sit on the cliff for hours with his spy-glass, watching the passing vessels, and more than once I heard him sigh as if his heart was bursting; but I would never listen when he spoke of going to sea again, until at last his health began to fail, and it seemed there was nothing for him but to return to his old life or die. But I couldn't bear to let him go alone, and he couldn't bear to leave me behind. We were both too old to begin life over in the long trading voyages; and as Charlie had the offer of the place of first mate on this ship—the captain is an old friend of his, ma'am—I got the situation as stewardess, and for three years Charlie and I have been traveling back and forth together, and we will continue to do it as long as God gives us health and strength to bear the journey."

The old lady stopped and looked hesitatingly at me and at some other passengers who had gathered near to listen, as if she feared we were wearied by her long family history.

I hastened to re-assure her by thanks for the pleasant way she had entertained us during the long Christmas-eve at sea.

"And so Charlie is really here on board with you?" I said.

"Oh yes, ma'am," she replied, smiling. "I would not be here without him. Did you mind the man who was speaking to me at the cabin door to-night—the tall, stout man with a gray beard? Yes, you saw him, did you? That was Charlie."

THE A B C OF FINANCE;

OR, THE MONEY QUESTION FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED TO EVERY-DAY PEOPLE, IN NINE SHORT AND EASY LESSONS.

By Professor S. NEWCOMB.

LESSON VIII.—A FEW FACTS.

It is very common in discussions of subjects like this to call for "facts," many people thinking that a single fact is worth bushels of reasoning. Whether this opinion is well or ill founded, there is nothing which the advocates of inflation so carefully conceal as the well-known facts of the history of money. Wendell Phillips, for instance, is credited with saying that specie payments mean specie when you do not want it, and nothing but paper when you do. No better illustration of the wildness with which such men talk can be given than merely putting this statement alongside of facts. These facts are such as no inflationist will have the hardihood to deny, however much he may try to explain them away, and they are worthy of being carefully borne in mind.

First Fact.—For fifty years past there has not been a day when any owner of an English bank-note could not get gold for it, nor is it likely that such a day will be seen for five hundred years to come. Nor has there, in all probability, been a business day at the banks when one or more persons, and generally dozens or hundreds of them, did not want gold. Hardly a business day now passes in which the Bank of England does not pay out gold to the amount of tens, or even hundreds of thousands of dollars, to people wanting it. Remember this when you read or hear that specie payments can not be kept up on the limited supply of gold now available.

Second Fact.—Under this policy the little island of Great Britain has maintained the commercial supremacy of the world. London has become its great monetary centre, and, in spite of her system of land tenure and other institutions which tend to the disadvantage of her poorer classes, the average laborer of England is better off than that of any other country in Europe.

Third Fact.—There is no case recorded in history of a government issuing paper money not redeemable in gold or silver, and in quantities sufficient for commerce, without that paper money depreciating. The cases of such attempts and of their failure are so numerous that a whole volume of history would be required to recount them. See, for instance, Sumner's *History of American Currency*.

Fourth Fact.—There is now twice as much currency per capita of our population as during the three years preceding our civil war, and yet we are told that the country is suffering for want of more. This fact illustrates the statement of the last lesson, that the greater the quantity of irredeemable currency issued, the scarcer money will seem to be.

If you tell these facts to an inflationist, he may denounce them vigorously, and scold you for remembering them, and say they have nothing to do with present questions; but he will not dare to deny them unless he cares nothing for truth.

LESSON IX.—SOME GENERAL THOUGHTS.

This question of regulating the currency is no easy one, to be settled by an off-hand opinion even of wise men, much less of men entirely ignorant of the history and laws of the subject. It perplexes the best intellects of the world; and will probably continue to do so for a long time to come. It is so intricate that only a mathematical head can unravel it—the same kind of a head which can solve a tough problem in algebra, or settle the accounts of the Tweed Ring, and tell just how much money each man owes. Neither fine writing nor oratory will afford the slightest help, any more than it will help a man to understand a steam-engine.

The advocates of redeemable money have no millennium to offer. They know that the sentence, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," can not be commuted by any human contrivance; that there is no real value which can be commanded by any other agency than labor of the hand or head. They perfectly know the difficulties which beset any system of redemption of paper in coin, and are as keenly alive to them, and as anxious to remedy them, as the strongest paper-money advocates can be. But they know also that to undertake to avoid these difficulties by doing away with redemption in gold is as foolish as if the passengers in a ship, finding that she was tossed by the storm, frightfully beaten by the waves, and in danger of destruction, should scuttle her, and take to swimming for fear of suffering shipwreck. I think most readers must have a faint suspicion that the wisest of the human race are opposed to irredeemable paper. If you were to take a vote of the political economists, the close students, the bankers, the professors, and the historians, on the subject—in fine, of all those men who either by their knowledge or their powers of investigation are best fitted to understand the subject, the vote for irredeemable currency would be astonishingly small. If the reader distrusts his own judgment, this fact is worth thinking of.

We can hardly conceive a scene of more dramatic interest than that of the people of our country preparing to decide whether they will taste the tempting cup which the advocates of inflation are holding to their lips, and accept the honeyed words in which they are told that it contains the magic elixir of life, which will put money into every poor man's pocket. A hundred generations of the human race have held their breath as they have heard or read the song of the sirens addressed to Ulysses, which would have allured him to destruction if he had not filled the ears of his crew with wax:

"Oh stay, O pride of Greece, Ulysses, stay;
Oh cease thy course and listen to our lay.
Blest is the man ordained our voice to hear:
The song instructs the soul and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise;
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise.
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achieved at Ilion in the field of fame,
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
Oh stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!"

The drunkard, holding the intoxicating cup to the lips of the innocent boy, and saying, "Just swallow this, my boy, and your thirst will be quenched—you will feel new life in your veins, new strength in your limbs, and a happiness in your spirits of which you never dreamed," affords the moralist a scene on which he has dwelt ever since the days of Solomon. The present crisis in our national history is similar to that in the life of Ulysses when the song of the sirens charmed his soul, or in the life of the boy when he has to decide whether he will taste the cup. The promises are as fair as those of the sirens, the words as tempting as those of the drunkard; the result, a disaster to our national prosperity from which it would take long, long years to recover.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We last week gave an account of the voyage of the *Pröven* to the mouth of the Yenisei, having Professor Nordenskjöld and his scientific party on board. This vessel returned to Tromsöe on the 3d of October with a rich harvest of results. She left Dickson Harbor, at the mouth of the Yenisei, on the 19th of August, and proceeded to the northern part of Nova Zembla, and on the 23d of August reached 75° 24′ north latitude and 66° 24′ east longitude—a little south of Cape Middendorf, on the northeast coast of Nova Zembla. This was the result of a very strong northwesterly current from the Obi and Yenisei out over the Kara Sea.

At Cape Middendorf ice was met with, extending as far as the eye could reach, and the expedition was becalmed for six days, during which time very rich results were obtained by means of the dredge and trawl. Animal life was found to be very abundant and varied; enormous numbers of radiates, crustaceans, and mollusks were taken in a short time. On the 29th anchor was cast in Udde Bay, where marine vegetation was found to be very abundant, contrasting strongly with the scanty land flora.

On the 3d of September the *Pröven* sailed into the mouth of Matotschkin Strait, where the party remained until the 11th of the month, and thence proceeded homeward, experiencing exceedingly tempestuous weather. The vessel sailed over six thousand miles, and visited regions which expeditions for more than three hundred years had vainly attempted to reach, making rich collections in all departments of natural history.

Professor Nordenskjöld reached St. Petersburg on the 17th of November.

Sir Charles Wheatstone bequeaths all his scientific books and instruments to the Corporation of King's College, London.

According to *Nature*, the *Challenger* arrived at Valparaiso on the 19th of November, on her way home.

Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, has published a sixth catalogue of ninety new double-stars discovered by him with his six-inch refractor. All of these are close, and many of them remarkably difficult double-stars. Most of them have been recently measured by Baron Dembowski, whose measures are also included in Mr. Burnham's catalogue.

Dr. Bretschrader, of Pekin, communicates to Petermann's *Mittheilungen* an account of four journeys performed in the first half of the thirteenth century by Chinese scholars in the interior of Asia. An interesting solar eclipse and other astronomical phenomena were observed by them.

Among the most recent geographical discoveries is that of a very large fine river (Baxter River) in New Guinea, navigable for a considerable distance inland. The exploring party which made the discovery refer to a very large bird, which, according to the natives, can carry off a dugong, a kangaroo, or a large turtle. Mr. Smithurst, the engineer of the steamer, says he saw and shot at a specimen of this bird, which appeared sixteen or eighteen feet across the wings as it flew, the body dark brown, the breast white, neck long, and beak long and straight. They state, further, that the noise caused by the flapping of its wings resembled the sound of a locomotive pulling a train very slowly. Foot-prints of some large animal were met with, resembling those of the buffalo or wild ox. Lieutenant Armit more recently maintains this river to be the Fly, discovered by H.B.M. ship of that name.

Mr. J. J. Edgar, United States consul at Beyrout, Syria, has lately sent to the Smithsonian Institution photographs of portions of a new papyrus, discovered in December, 1874, in a newly opened tomb at Ghizeh, Egypt. This is about forty feet long, and in an excellent state of preservation. Professor Henry has transmitted them, for the purpose of being described, to Dr. J. J. Seyffurth, an eminent American Orientalist.

The Bureau of Agriculture of the United States Centennial Commission (not the United States Agricultural Department) has lately issued a circular in reference to an exhibition of fish, which announces that it is proposed to have an exhibition of living fish of many varieties, for which purpose plans have been prepared for the erection of twenty-five tanks of approved construction, ranging from two to twenty feet in length, and from one to six feet in depth, the whole containing about six thousand cubic feet of water. The cost of these aquaria is estimated at $6000.

The Bureau of Agriculture desires to render this enterprise in a measure self-supporting, and the circular invites those interested in the subject to purchase one or more ten-dollar shares of the Centennial stock, with the understanding that the proceeds, although going into the general fund, are to be considered as contributed to the fish exhibition.

The death of Mr. Charles B. Vignoles, an eminent English railway engineer, is announced as having taken place in November last, at the age of eighty-two. He was educated under the care of his grandfather, Dr. Charles Hutton, the celebrated mathematician, who was then professor in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.

The Smithsonian Institution has been officially advised by General C. P. Stone, chief of staff of the Khedive of Egypt, of the sailing to America of Dr. Brugsch-Bey, chief of the commission of Egypt to the International Exhibition at Philadelphia. His collections, intended for exhibition by Egypt, fill over 140 boxes, and have already been shipped *via* Gibraltar, and among them is a nearly complete collection of casts of the Khedivial collection in the museum at Boulac. These, according to General Stone, will be presented to the United States at the close of the Exhibition, and will consequently form part of the collection of the National Museum in charge of the Smithsonian Institution.

Professor Jevons recently read an interesting paper on the influence of the sun-spot period upon the price of grain. In making a comparison between two phenomena apparently so distinct from each other, Professor Jevons has made use of the collection of prices of commodities in England between the years 1259 and 1400, as published in Professor Rodgers's *History of Agriculture and Prices in England*. He finds that the prices of each kind of produce rise during the first four of the eleven-year sun-spot period, and then fall. The maximum prices occur in the tenth, eleventh, first, second, and third years.

The most recent report of the doings of the *Challenger* is that contained in a letter from Professor Wyville Thompson to the Hydrographic Admiralty from Hilo, Hawaii, on the 18th of August, describing her course from Yokohama to the Sandwich Islands. The *Challenger* left Yokohama on the 16th of June, and ran easterly as far as the meridian of 155° east, and then proceeded nearly southward, reaching Honolulu on the 27th of July. On the 17th of June soundings were taken in 1875 fathoms, and the trawl brought up a number of peculiar concretions of the clay bored in all directions by annelids. Among the clay were large lumps of gray pumice. A very remarkable hydroid zoophyte was found, of enormous dimensions, one specimen measuring seven feet in height, while the polyp head was nine inches in diameter across the tentacles. The temperature of the surface showed the vessel to be in the warm Japanese current, which was running easterly at the rate of one and a half knots per hour. The thermometers registered a uniform temperature of 1.7° C. from a depth of 1000 fathoms to the bottom.

The deepest soundings in the North Pacific were made in 3950 fathoms, in latitude 34° 43′ north, longitude 144° 02′ east. On the 21st of the month the surface temperature suddenly fell, due, it is supposed, to a cold surface flow from the Sea of Okhotsk.

On the 2d of July a bottom of light brownish ooze, with *globigerin* shells, was found at 2050 fathoms; there were also among this lumps of pumice, as well as a number of undescribed *Hyalonema* in an excellent state of preservation. In trawling, on the 12th of July, a black mammillated concretion was brought up, having much the appearance of potatoes.

The *Challenger* anchored in the harbor of Honolulu in the evening of the 27th of July.

Professor Thompson is of the opinion that the enormous mass of cold water which fills up the trough of the Pacific is, like the cold bottom water of the Atlantic, an indraught from the Southern Sea; and the more the question is investigated, the less evident it appears to him that there is a general ocean circulation depending upon the differences of specific gravity, as insisted upon by Professor Carpenter. In both oceans the bottom water is constantly moving northward, and Professor Thompson is inclined to refer this movement to an excess of precipitation over the water hemisphere, a portion of the vapor formed in the northern hemisphere being carried southward and precipitated in the vast southern area of low barometric pressure. The temperature is greatly lower in the Pacific for the first thousand fathoms than in the Atlantic in the corresponding latitude of 35° north; and there is one important difference between the two, that while in the Atlantic the temperature seems to sink gradually, though very slightly, for the last thousand fathoms to the bottom, it appears that in the Pacific the minimum temperature is reached at a depth not greater than 1400 fathoms, and from that depth to the bottom the temperature is the same.

The fauna of the North Pacific, at the depth of from two to three thousand fathoms, although not abundant in species, proves to be by no means meagre; for among each of six dredgings and trawlings at depths greater than two thousand fathoms, a fair representation of all the large invertebrate groups was obtained, with a few fishes. The wonderful uniformity of the fauna at these depths is very striking: if not exactly the same species, very similar representatives of the same genera in all parts of the world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The French steamer *L'Amérique*, which sailed from this port for Havre on November 13, was towed into Queenstown on December 19 by the *Ville de Brest*, which had been sent in search of her. Great anxiety had been felt for *L'Amérique*. She had been spoken by the *China* November 21, at which time her shaft was broken. The steamer was about four weeks at sea under sail.

From all parts of the country we hear of the ravages of diphtheria. In some cases whole families have fallen victims to this dread disease. It is important that all persons, especially parents, should understand what are the first symptoms, and take prompt and efficient measures of relief. An attack of diphtheria usually commences with high fever and headache, and in children with nausea and vomiting. There is great prostration. Upon the tonsils and surrounding parts are seen white, snow-flaky patches. In malignant cases the patches are often yellow or brownish, and a fetid odor is perceived. A good physician should be immediately summoned when these symptoms are noticed. Chlorate of potash gargles and pounded ice are useful until he arrives. Many physicians have found a successful remedy in the use of permanganate of potash in conjunction with the tincture of belladonna.

About the time of the death of Thompson, the wretch who plotted the destruction of the *Mosel*, a report was circulated that another of his infernal machines had been put on board the steamer *Salier*. A thorough investigation was made at Southampton, and nothing suspicious was found on board. It has been stated that the clock-work apparatus was manufactured near Magdeburg, and that Thompson had ordered twenty similar machines. The truth of the various reports will be revealed in time.

The second "cold snap" of the season came early in Christmas week. Reports of the state of the thermometer from various parts of the country varied from four degrees above to forty degrees below zero.

Here is a specimen of a Chinaman's business letter:

"Sacramento, Cal., *Nov.* 27, 1875.

"—— ——:

"Dear Sir,—We was received you kind letter that you said will you be so kindness to let us have sum of fifty dollars of account, which I send my partner to here please you give it for him, then we are very much oblige to you. Yours truly, Tong Wong."

The above was written by a Chinese butcher, who has been in California ten years, but who knew no English when he went there, and knows very little now. The handwriting is good, and no word misspelled, though the construction of the sentences is peculiar.

Seventy acres of land at Fair Point, on the Chautauqua Lake, have been recently purchased by the Sunday-school Association, which now owns one hundred and twenty acres. Various improvements will be made in the grounds before another summer, to increase the attractions of the place.

Begging is in England—as in some other countries—a regularly organized profession. The principal varieties are termed "lurks," from a Welsh word signifying a fit of loitering. Some of these are the fire lurk—pretended losses by fire; the shipwrecked sailor's lurk; the foreigner's lurk; the accident lurk; the sick lurk; the deaf-and-dumb lurk; the servant's lurk—pretended loss of a situation; the collier's lurk—pretended loss of employment through an explosion; the weaver's and cotton-spinner's lurks. It is difficult to draw the line between the vagrant and the petty hawker, for the habitual vagrant is one day a "lurker," and the next he is selling some sham compound to a misguided public. Reports recently made in England expose various forms of imposition, and systematic efforts are increased with a view to repress mendicity.

In Northern Colorado lives Mr. J. W. Iliff, called "the Cattle King of the West," whose ranch is 156 miles long. He now owns 26,000 head of cattle. He cuts no hay for his herds; they live the entire year on the rich native grass, and, except now and then during a very severe winter, he does not lose many. But in the winter of 1871–72 there were deep snows, which remained on the ground for a long time, and the storms were incessant. In the midst of the severe weather Mr. Iliff visited his ranch, and found his cattle dying by hundreds. After great exertions, between 2000 and 3000 were driven into more sheltered places, and a part of them saved. It was impossible for a long while to ascertain how great was the loss, but it was at length estimated at 5000 head of cattle.

In Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is a nickel deposit which is considered the largest yet discovered in the world, and is the only deposit of the ore worked in America. Copper, iron, and limestone are also found in the same locality. Nickel was discovered here about the year 1856, though copper, which is taken from the same mine, was known in this locality seventy years ago. The ore has a gray color, is very heavy, and so hard that it is mined entirely by blasting. After the ore has been broken into small fragments, it is put into kilns and subjected to heat; then into a smelting furnace, and undergoes a treatment similar to iron ore. The product is reduced to powder, and shipped to Camden, New Jersey, where a complete separation is made of the nickel and copper.

Some parts of the island of Sumatra are quite unknown, and a scientific expedition is being organized in Holland, under the auspices of the Geographical Society, for the purpose of exploring the interior of that island.

Moritz Jokai, the editor of the Hungarian journal *Hon*, is a man of extraordinary industry. During the last thirty years he has produced one hundred volumes of novels, twenty-eight volumes of humorous miscellanies, eight volumes of historical, political, and biographical essays, four volumes of poems, four volumes of dramas, eight volumes of annuals, and forty-eight novelettes. During the past year he has produced eighteen volumes, and all the while he is actively employed as a journalist.

According to a recent calculation, Lowell, in Massachusetts, now manufactures forty miles of cloth per hour, and fifty pairs of hose per minute! The beginning of this enormous business dates back to 1813, when the first attempt was made in America to manufacture cotton by machinery. In that year Major Josiah Fletcher erected a wooden factory on the site now occupied by the Middlesex Company's mills, in Lowell.

The inner life of the late Vice-President Wilson is indicated by the pencilings in a little volume which was his constant companion in his sick-room. This book, entitled *The Changed Cross*, is said to have been the gift of a friend, who, though absent from his sick-room, through that little keepsake was present with him in sympathy and interest. Numerous marked passages reveal his hopes, his memories, and his spiritual experiences. The following show the general character of those which bear his own decided penciling:

"And He will come in His own time and power
To set His earnest-hearted children free.
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee."

"O for faith to grasp heaven's bright forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's little while!"

"Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining."

"These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades;
And my heart welcomes them until
The light of life's long evening fades."

Very romantic was the way in which the Emperor of Austria became acquainted with his wife. It was expected that Francis Joseph would become affianced to his cousin the Princess Sophia, eldest daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, and he went to his uncle's castle to make her acquaintance. The Princess Elizabeth was then only fifteen, and very beautiful. So, as she had three older sisters of less attractions, she was commanded to stay with her governess, and not show herself during the visit of her Austrian cousin. But being gay, and brimful of curiosity to see the youthful Emperor, she hid herself in a corridor along which the imperial guest, who had just arrived, and was then dressing for dinner in rooms set apart for his reception, would have to pass in going to the banqueting hall. As the young sovereign passed along the corridor, the princess, who was watching for him, sprang out of her hiding-place, laughing at the success of her manœuvre, and crying, gayly, "Cousin Franz! Cousin Franz! I wanted to see you, and they wouldn't let me, and so I hid myself here to see you go by." The young Emperor fell in love with the beautiful vision on the spot, and soon entered the drawing-room with his young cousin on his arm, and presented her to the amazed circle of relatives and courtiers who were awaiting his appearance as "the Empress of Austria, my engaged wife."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A gentleman at table remarked that he could not endure fish unless it was well cooked. "This," said the waiter, as he handed him a plate of the desired dish, "is, I hope, suf-fish-ently cooked to suit, Sir?" "Well, yes," replied the gentleman, as he tasted it, "it is done a good eel better than I anticipated it would be."

A poet was walking with M. De Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceiving at a short distance a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying, "Not so loud; he hears you."

"And you have taken the teetotal pledge, have you?" said somebody to an Irishman. "Indade I have, and I'm not ashamed of it, aither." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

"Look here, Jim, there's a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, not at all; there's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

An enthusiastic young produce dealer, a few evenings ago, in a serenade to his inamorata thus recorded his high resolves: "I'll chase the antelope over the plain, and the wild spring chicken I'll bind with a chain; and the cauliflower, so fierce and neat, I'll give thee for a nosegay sweet."

A Glasgow antiquary recently visited an old castle, and asked one of the villagers if he knew any thing of an old story about the building. "Ay," said the rustic, "there was anither auld story, but it fell down lang since."

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it; and the man who couldn't stand it any longer has taken a seat, and is now quite comfortable.

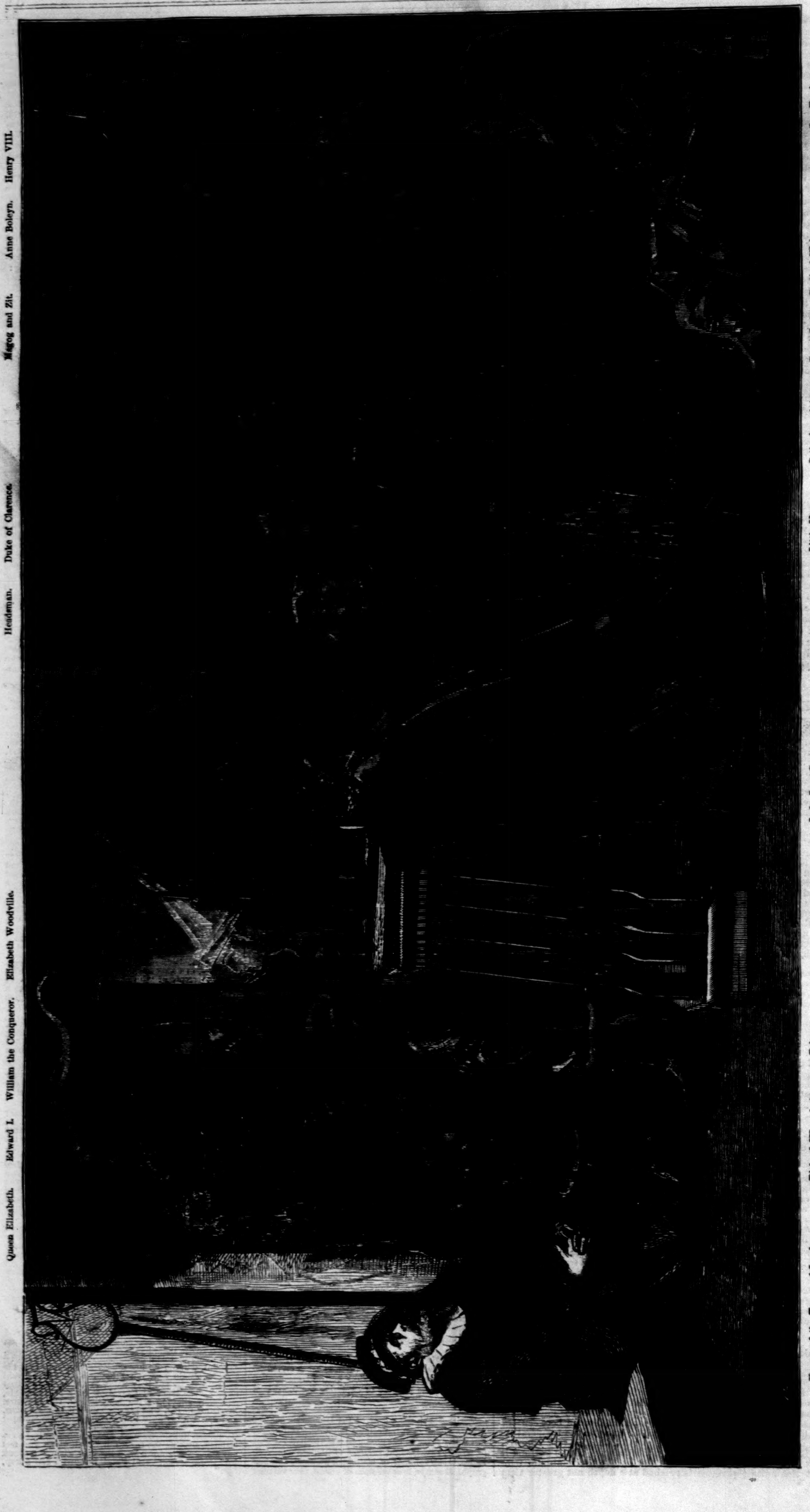
Who finds all the umbrellas that every body loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free and easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus, "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply, "Er—er—not all of 'em: I didn't make yours."

A tourist stopping at a French hotel saw the phrase "fresh-water chicken" on the bill of fare. Desiring to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of water chicken. He tried it, and finding it excellent, recommended it to the rest of his party, ladies and all. All liked the dish wonderfully, and so became frog-eaters without knowing it.

The discovery has been made that without a mouth a man can neither eat, drink, talk, kiss the girls, nor chew tobacco.

An Irishman went into a public-house one day, and asked for a mug of beer in a great hurry, stating that he was so dry that he thought he could drink a gallon. The publican told him if he would drink it at one draught, without taking the measure away from his lips, he should have it for nothing. "Agraid," said Pat; "and, be the holy Saint Pathrick, I'll do that same." The landlord then drew off a gallon of ale, and slyly slipping a red herring into the measure, handed it to Pat, who eagerly raised it to his mouth, and drank away until the measure had been elevated almost perpendicular. The publican's eyes followed its motion in astonishment, and, looking in it, he exclaimed, shaking the froth out, "Pat, didn't you feel any thing going down with the beer when you drank it?" "Be jabers," said Pat, "I thowt I felt a hop, Sur."


Queen Elizabeth.
Edward I.
William the Conqueror.
Elizabeth Woodville.
Headsman.
Duke of Clarence.
Magog and Zit.
Anne Boleyn.
Henry VIII.
Keeper of the Tower of London.
Richard III. and the young Princes.
Lady Jane Grey.
Little Mary.
Catherine of Aragon.
Court Jester.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Guy Fawkes.

THE KEEPER'S DREAM IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

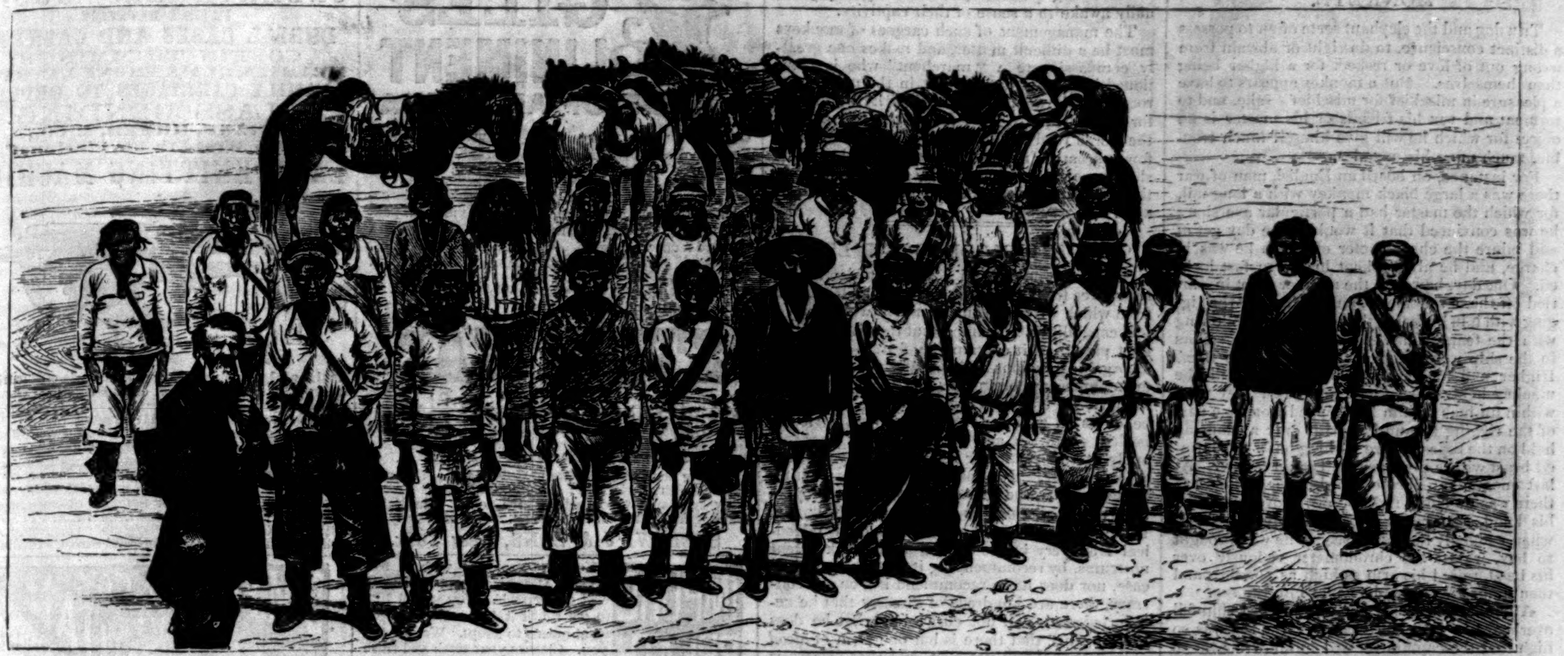
THE KEEPER'S DREAM.

AMONG all the stately piles of architecture in the Old World there probably is not one whose echoing walls, if by any magic they should be endowed with speech, could tell such fearful tales of horror and bloodshed as those of the famous Tower of London. Built so far back in the ages that all record of the hands that laid the foundation-stones is lost, the gloomy structure has stood for centuries, and its massive towers have been the witnesses of many terrible tragedies.

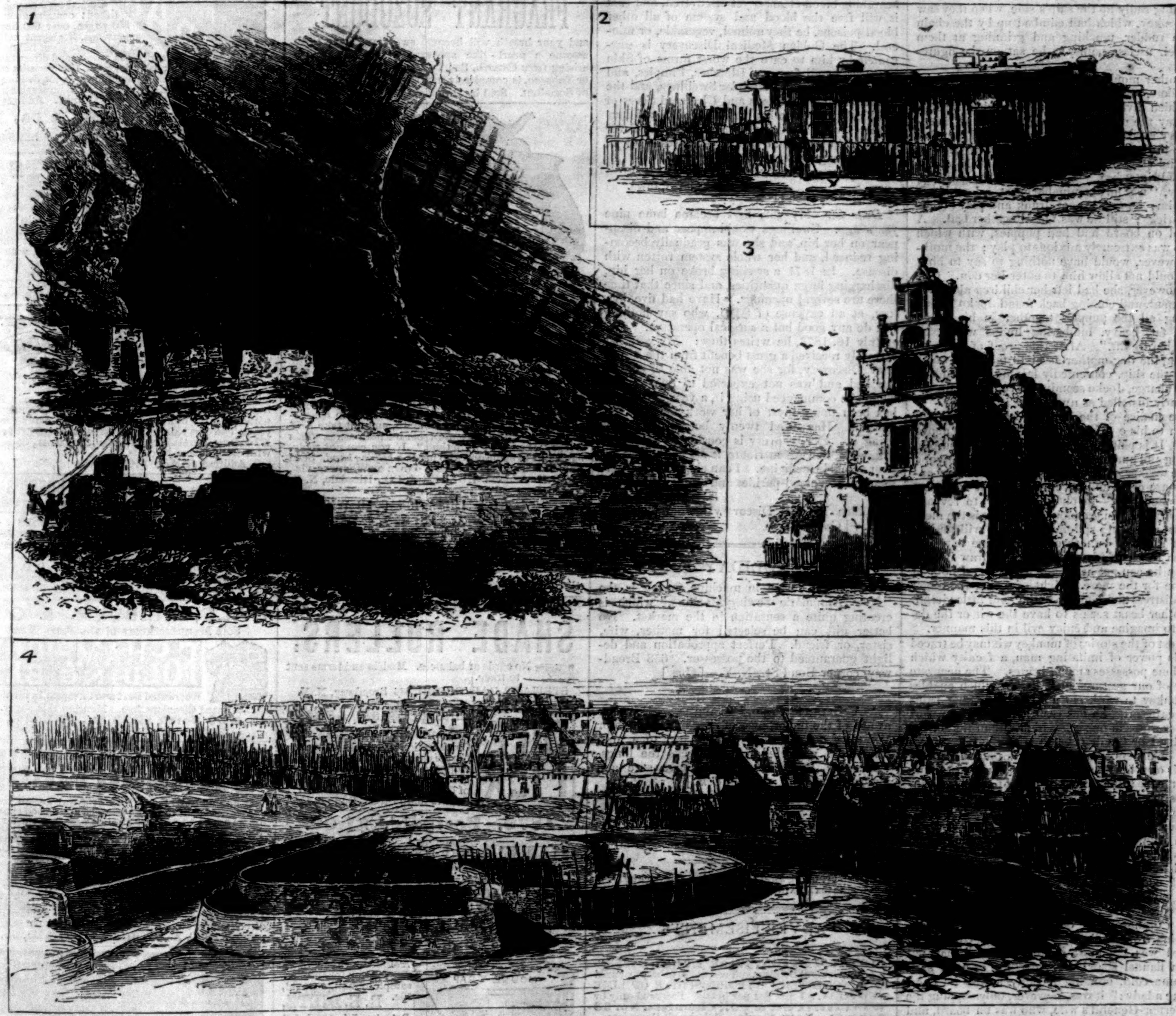
Our engraving represents the dream of a keeper of the Tower, who has fallen asleep in one of its gloomy halls. One by one his imagination, no longer under reason's control, brings before his closed eyes a ghostly party of illustrious dead. Among the first come three of England's greatest sovereigns, all of whom were accustomed to select the Tower as a place of torment for their victims, though they escaped themselves. After them comes RICHARD III., humpbacked and crouching, leading by the hand the infant princes whom his hideous cruelty condemned to death. In the centre of the picture stands the gentle and beautiful Lady JANE GREY, innocent victim of the treason of others. Behind her comes injured CATHERINE of Aragon, leading her child by the hand, while her successor, ANNE BOLEYN, leaning upon the arm of that bloated tyrant, King HENRY VIII., smiles derisively at the woes of the woman she has superseded. In the corner lies the fanatical conspirator GUY FAWKES, who expiated, amid such horrible tortures, his fearful plot against the government of his country.

The only well-authenticated ghost story in connection with the Tower is that of HARRY PERCY, whose spirit is said to still wander restlessly about the halls and terraces where he was confined for sixteen years. No prisoner within the walls of the Tower was ever kept there upon more flimsy pretexts than this unfortunate nobleman. His real offense was being too great; and although perfectly innocent of any design upon the government, the jealous fears of King JAMES I. could only be quieted by his ruin. Accused of being connected with the conspiracies of his kinsman, THOMAS PERCY, his manors were seized, his property confiscated by the crown, and himself confined within the Tower. While there his quaint dress, his unusual studies, and strange companions caused him to be known as "The Wizard Earl." His wife followed him to his gloomy prison, and under the gloomy shadow of the Tower his children grew up and were educated. His daughter LUCY, who became a favorite with the king, received a promise of her father's release as a wedding gift from her sovereign. But she found it an easier task to procure the pardon than to induce HARRY PERCY to accept it. When the order for his release was read to him, the venerable wizard turned his back upon the officer, and retired to his room among his books and globes. Finally he suffered himself to be persuaded by the entreaties of his family; but from his reluctance to quit the scene of his long imprisonment the story has arisen that his spirit returned after his death to wander about the halls of the Tower.

In our day the Tower is no longer a prison-house filled with the unhappy victims of royal displeasure over fancied conspiracies, but simply a government store-house and armory. In one portion of it is the jewel-house, where crowns, sceptres, globes, and jewels of enormous value are suitably guarded by the heavy walls that once inclosed so many suffering human creatures.



GROUP OF NAVAJO INDIANS.



1. Ancient Ruins, Cañon de Chelle. 2. Slab-house. 3. Adobe Church, Santa Fé. 4. Pueblo Village.

ANCIENT AMERICA.

ANCIENT AMERICA.

The recent geographical surveys conducted by **Wheeler** and **Hayden** in the far Western Territories of the United States brought to light many interesting facts respecting the semi-civilized races that once inhabited those regions. New Mexico, Southern Colorado, and Arizona abound with curious remains. On the south bank of the San Juan River, for example, stands a large ruin in a cave several hundred feet in diameter. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* thus describes it: "The building was perched on a narrow shelf around the back of the cavern, half-way up, occupying nearly half of the arc of the circumference, or ninety degrees. The rooms, placed side by side, gave a total length of more than two hundred feet. Near the right-hand side, in an open space between two rooms, were four post holes drilled into the stone ledge or floor, about four inches in diameter and a foot deep. We took them to be the holes in which the posts for weaving had been set, for we know that this ancient people employed the art of weaving. In one of the largest rooms we found a circular fire-place cut in the floor, which still held the dust of charcoal and burned bones. This was about eight inches deep and two and a half feet in diameter. All of the interior plastering was so well preserved that in nearly every portion could be traced the impressions of fingers, and in many places the indentations of finger-nails were quite distinct, having been made by some idle mechanic as he lounged at work and amused himself by thrusting the fingers into the fresh mud. In many parts of the mortar perfect impressions of corn-cobs were seen, and several pieces of these were found plastered into the wall between the stones."

Another of these curious ruins is found in the cañon of the Chelle, a tributary of the San Juan, of which we give an illustration. It is situated far above the present bed of the river.

These regions are inhabited by several races of Indians, who speak a rude dialect of the Spanish language. Their religion is a remarkable superstitious phase of Roman Catholicism. Their dwellings are of the sort called "adobe," built in several stories, ladders giving access to the upper ones. The most numerous tribe is the Navajo, who are friendly and industrious, but not remarkable for cleanliness or morality.

MONKEYS.

THE dog and the elephant seem often to possess a distinct conscience, to do right or abstain from wrong out of love or respect for a higher being than themselves. But a monkey appears to have a pleasure in mischief for mischief's sake, and to torment and vex his friends or his master is an object for which he will give himself much trouble, much more his enemies.

For instance, on board an English man-of-war there was a large black monkey with a long tail, for which the master had a particular aversion; he was convinced that it would some day get at and injure the chronometer of which he was in charge, and he always kept his room fast locked. One day, however, the monkey crept in, carried off the chronometer, and rushed up the rigging with it in his hand, the poor master following with the tears in his eyes, while all the sailors in the ship were set to try and catch the thief. Higher and higher they climbed, but still the monkey kept above them, and when they were within an inch of him he dropped from one part of the rigging to another, with only a glancing hold on the ropes, where nothing but a four-armed beast with a prehensile tail could follow. At last one active fellow climbed closer and closer; there was no outlet right or left, above or below; his hand was almost seizing the creature's leg, when suddenly the beast, seeing he was brought to bay, waved the chronometer viciously over his head, raised his arm as high as possible, and then flung it as far as he could into the sea.

A monkey on board another English ship fell overboard in very bad weather; the sea was so high that the captain refused to allow a boat to be lowered; but the feeling of the sailors for their pet was so great that at last he gave way. They rowed round and round in vain, and were returning sadly up the ship's side, when they saw the monkey, which had climbed up by the chain of the rudder, mocking and grinning at them for their useless pains, as he sat on the figure-head.

Another monkey, one Jocko, much petted by the sailors, was excessively jealous of a white kitten which divided their affections with himself. One day the man on the bridge saw him creeping very stealthily round to where the kitten lay asleep in the netting; suddenly he stretched out his hand and chucked her overboard before any one could interfere. "Jocko," said the narrator, angrily, "was an abominable beast. I could not bear him; he used to get drunk and play underhand tricks; still he was not altogether bad. A spaniel on board had had puppies, with which Jocko was extremely anxious to play; the mother, however, would have nothing to say to him, and would not allow him to enter her den. One day, however, she had left her children alone for a moment, and coming back found Jocko sitting nursing all the puppies together in his arms, great, fat, heavy, lumbering lumps which he could hardly lift." After this proof of good intention, the dog-mother used to take her walks about the ship, contentedly leaving her children in his charge, Jocko seeming to consider himself regularly installed as nurse.

The malice of the monkey is quite as often shown to his own class as to that of man above him. It is painful to see the intense pleasure in teasing and hurting shown by the large and strong to the weaker and smaller monkeys. Other animals are cruel and revengeful, but it is always for some object—to obtain food or to revenge some injury. In the monkey's case it is the mere pleasure of being spiteful. An ape will push a bit of apple or bun through the cage bars just within reach of his neighbor, and draw it back before he can get at it, going on for an hour at a time for the mere delight of seeing the anger and distress and longing of the poor little victim. No other beast seems to have the wit or the desire to imagine and enjoy evil in this manner.

Most of the stories of monkey wit may be traced to his power of imitating man, a faculty which he alone possesses among brutes. The accurate copy of our gestures and actions which enables a monkey to work out a screw with long pains and care, after he has seen it inserted, is a sort of cleverness in one sense higher than that of the elephant or the dog, but it is one purely useless and objectless. In fact, the imitation is often to his own hurt, as when he is persuaded to fling down cocoa-nuts from the tops of palm-trees inaccessible to man in exchange for the stones which he receives instead.

Here and there he may be credited, perhaps, with original mischief, as in the case of the monkey which was discovered in the dean's house at Christ-church picking coals out of the fire by the black end and carefully sowing them about the new carpet, for which feat he was pitilessly rusticated.

An orang-outang on board a king's ship returning from India with a Governor-General on board was "a most genteel person," that put on a flannel shawl every evening as soon as it became cold, crossing it tidily across its chest "like a lady:" it was, however, only copying the Governor-General's wife, who was on board, and did the same.

There is a very instructive story concerning the ways of apes in Africa, which it is strange that the teetotalers have not got hold of. At Darfur it seems that a kind of beer is made by the natives, of which the monkeys are inordinately fond; this is accordingly set out in calabashes in places where they can get at it. They soon drink enough to make themselves tipsy, when they do not know the difference between a man and an ape, and allow a negro to come quietly among them. He takes hold of the hand of the nearest to him, which clings to some affectionate friend next at hand; another and another follow, till a whole string of staggering monkeys may be seen led off by a single negro. When they have been thus captured, beer is given to them in decreasing quantities, so that they only gradually awake to a sense of their captivity.

The management of such cargoes of monkeys must be a difficult matter, and makes one greatly compassionate a "marchant" who is mentioned in a letter dated 1630, in the muniment-room at Claydon, as "having writ to Barbery for 2 or 3 apes. He left out the 'r,' so that the words read 2 o 3. His factor has sent him fower scoare" (miserable man!), "and says he shall have the rest by the next shipp, conceiving the marchant had sent for two hundred and three apes."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

SEE Deuteronomy, xii: 23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! If it contain vile, festering poisons, all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. PIERCE does not wish to place his golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is *warranted* by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions; also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases—all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

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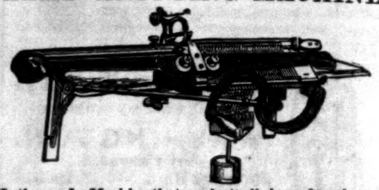

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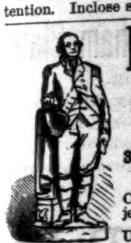

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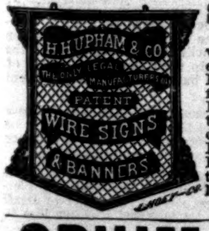

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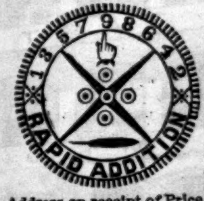

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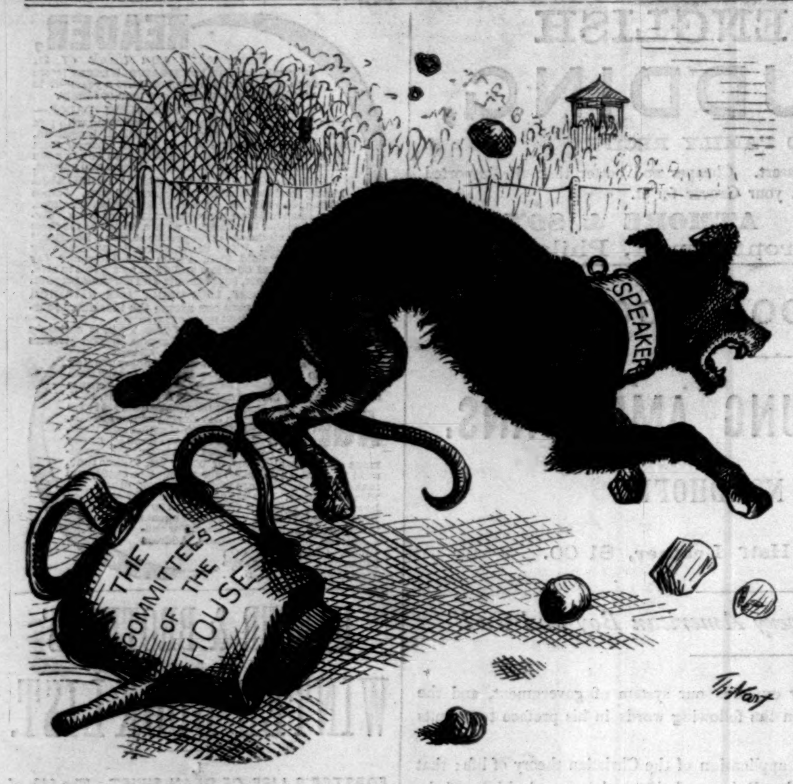
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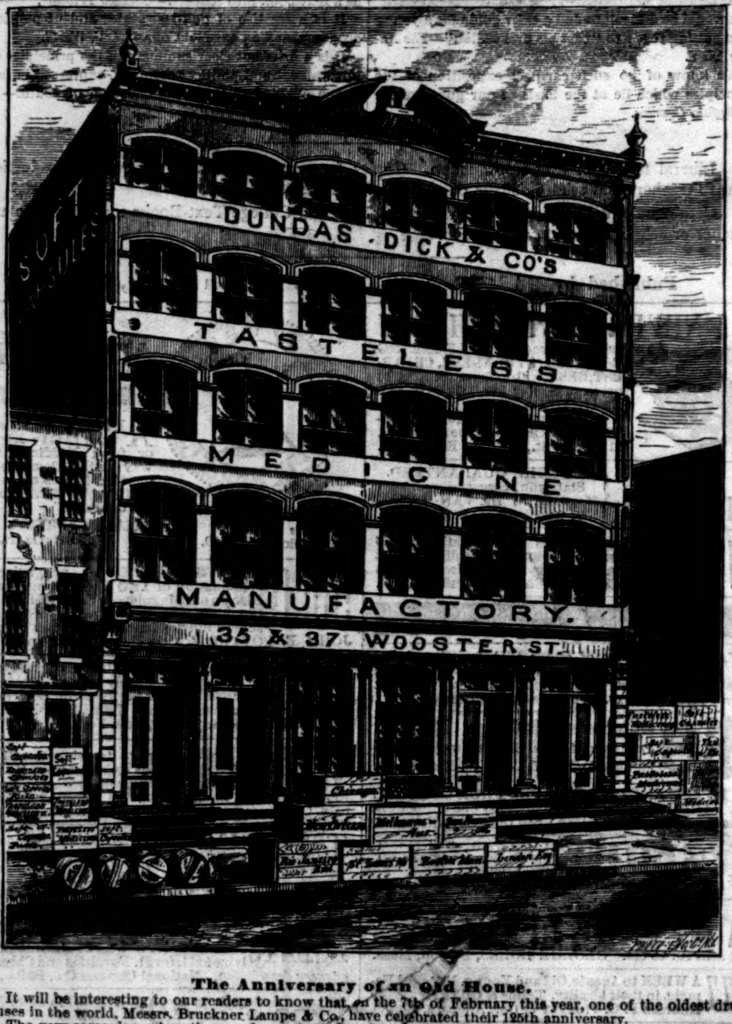

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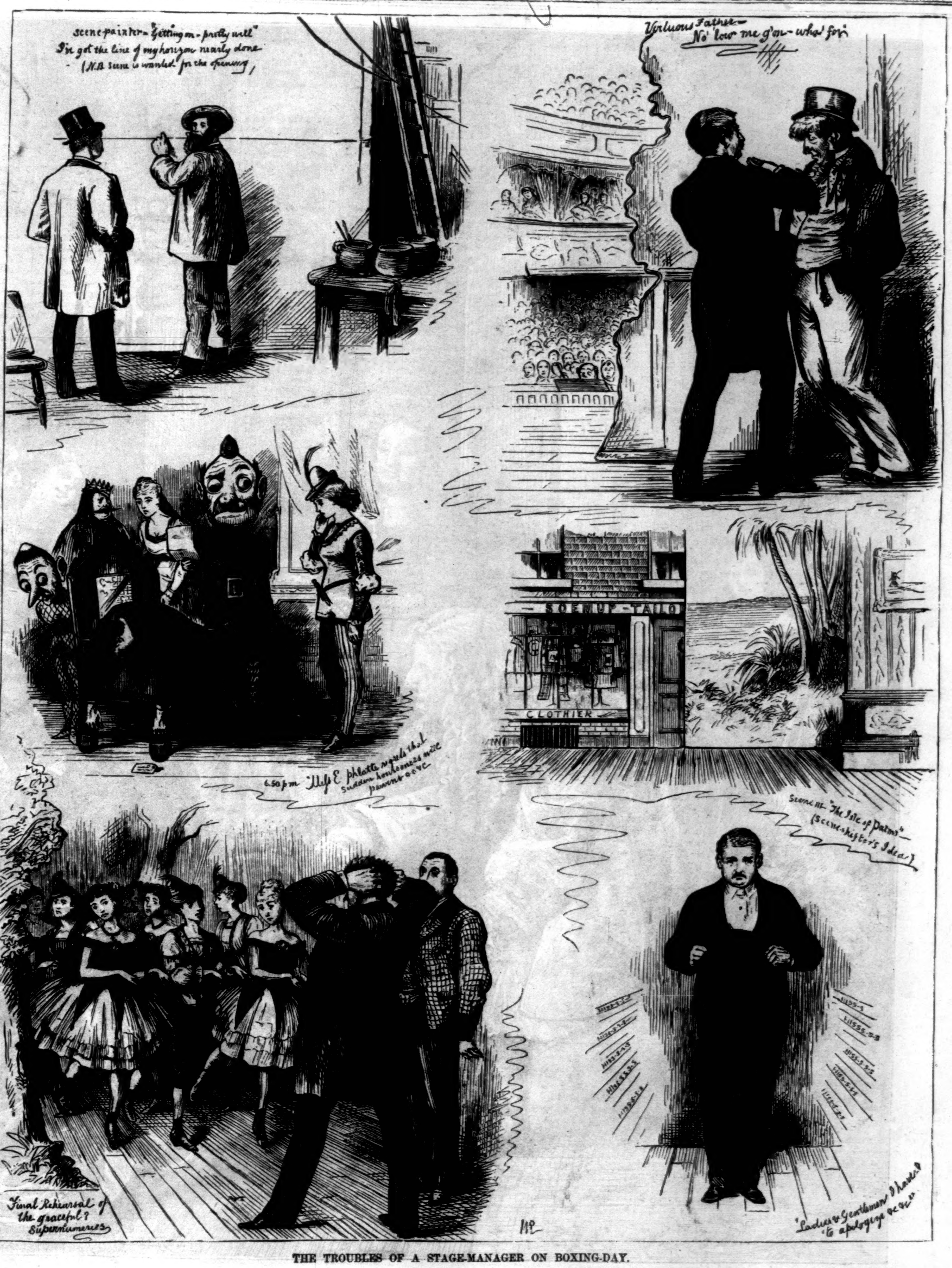
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Virtuous Father –
No' 'low me g'on – wha' for
6.50 pm Miss E phlatte reports that sudden hoarseness will prevent &c &c
SOEMUP TAILO
CLOTHIER
Scene III. "The Isle of Palms" –
(Scene-shifter's Idea)
Final Rehearsal of the graceful? Supernumeries
"Ladies & Gentlemen I have to apologize &c &c"

THE TROUBLES OF A STAGE-MANAGER ON BOXING-DAY.

BOXING-DAY.

ONE of the few English customs that has not made its way to our shores is the distribution of Christmas-boxes; and to many of our readers the term Boxing-day will perhaps have an altogether unfamiliar sound. A Christmas-box in England is a small gift of money to persons in an inferior condition, and St. Stephen's Day, or the 26th of December, being the customary date upon which the claimants of these favors go their rounds, it has received popularly the designation of Boxing-day.

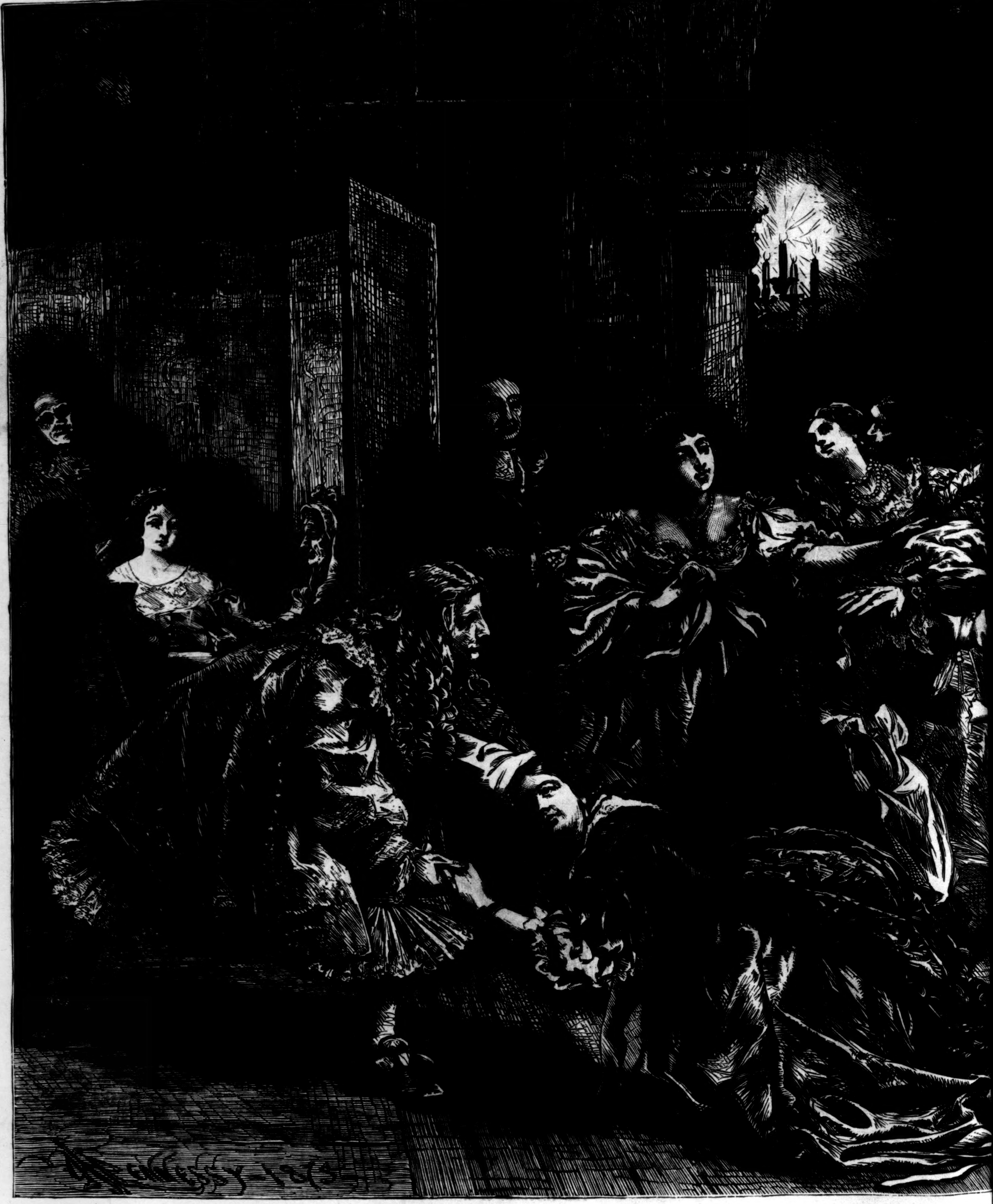
This custom of bestowing certain expected gratuities at the Christmas season was formerly, and to a great extent even yet continues to be, a nuisance. The journeymen and apprentices of trades-people were accustomed to levy regular contributions upon their masters' customers, who, in addition, were mulcted by the trades-people in the form of augmented bills, the latter taking this means of recompensing themselves for the sums they were compelled to bestow upon the customers' servants. Householders not only felt an obligation to give money to this class of people, but also to various inferior parish officers, who gathered together a large proportion of their income in this way.

This most objectionable usage is now greatly diminished, but certainly can not yet be called extinct. Christmas-boxes are still regularly expected by the postman, the lamp-lighter, the dustman, and generally by all those functionaries who render services to the public at large without receiving payment from any particular individual. There is also a very general custom at Christmas-time of masters presenting their clerks, apprentices, and other employés with gifts of money.

At one time the Christmas-box system was felt to be such an intolerable grievance that tradesmen hung notices in their windows that no Christmas-boxes would be given, and at the same time public authorities issued remonstrances to the same effect. At Christmas, 1836, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs issued a circular to the different embassies requesting a discontinuance of the customary gifts to the messengers of the Foreign Department and other public servants. Since this period the practice has greatly decreased, doubtless to the increase of self-respect on the part of those interested.

It could perhaps be said in favor of the Christmas-boxes that there is mingled with them a spirit of kindliness and benevolence that ought not to be destroyed. It seems almost instinctive for the generous part of human nature to bestow some reward for civility and attention, and an additional incentive to such liberality is not unfrequently furnished by the belief that its recipient is but inadequately remunerated otherwise for the duties that he performs. Thousands, too, of the poorer classes look eagerly forward to the forth-coming guerdon on Boxing-day as a means of procuring some little unwonted treat in the way of sight-seeing.

It is probably with a view to gratifying this



A CHRISTMAS MERRY G IN

desire on the part of the multitude that theatrical managers select Boxing-day for the opening representation of the new Christmas pantomime. The pockets of the working classes have usually received an extra supply of funds, the theatres are almost universally crowded to the ceiling, while the "gods of the gallery" exercise even more than their usual authority.

Our illustration gives some idea of the difficulties a manager has to contend with on this eventful day. It is usual to give several representations, and the performers have generally imbibed too much of the spirit of Boxing-day to be quite in condition for their work. How overwhelming his trials must be can be seen from our engraving, and how little the importunate "gods," athirst for enjoyment, sympathize with him appears from the storm of hisses that greets him as he ventures before the curtain to apologize for the delinquency of some member of his company.

The Christmas pantomime, like Boxing-day, has never been imported to America. This species of play is divided into two parts—the one, the introduction or opening; the other, the harlequinade. Both divisions of this kind of play were wont to be acted in dumb-show, and at one time the same performers used to play all through the piece, the idea of which was a story of love interspersed with grotesque elements. At a certain stage of the plot a fairy was employed to transform the tyrant and his abettor into Clown and Pantaloon, and the lovers into Harlequin and Columbine; and the motley quartette were sent away for a period on a tour or chase, the termination of which took place at the will of the good fairy. During this chase the object of the Clown ought to be the capture of Columbine; but Harlequin, who is provided by the fairy with a magic sword, the loss of which renders him helpless, is usually able to thwart all his designs and protect his mistress. A symbolical meaning may no doubt be found at the bottom of these representations, at least in many of their parts; but, as in their modern form they are a jumble of fragments from older scenic entertainments, any thing like a consistent scheme is not to be looked for. As to the characters, the prototypes of the Clown and Harlequin may be traced back to ancient Rome; and in many of the earlier Italian dramatic entertainments appeared a practical jester, similar to the modern English Clown.

In English pantomimes the Clown is the prime mover in all the "comic business," and there are often two, the talking Clown and the tumbling Clown, who acts chiefly as an acrobat. Pantaloon is usually represented as a very senile old man, the butt of the Clown, and the aider and abettor of that individual's comic villainy. He is knocked about and cuffed by every one, and therefore wears a padded dre himsel
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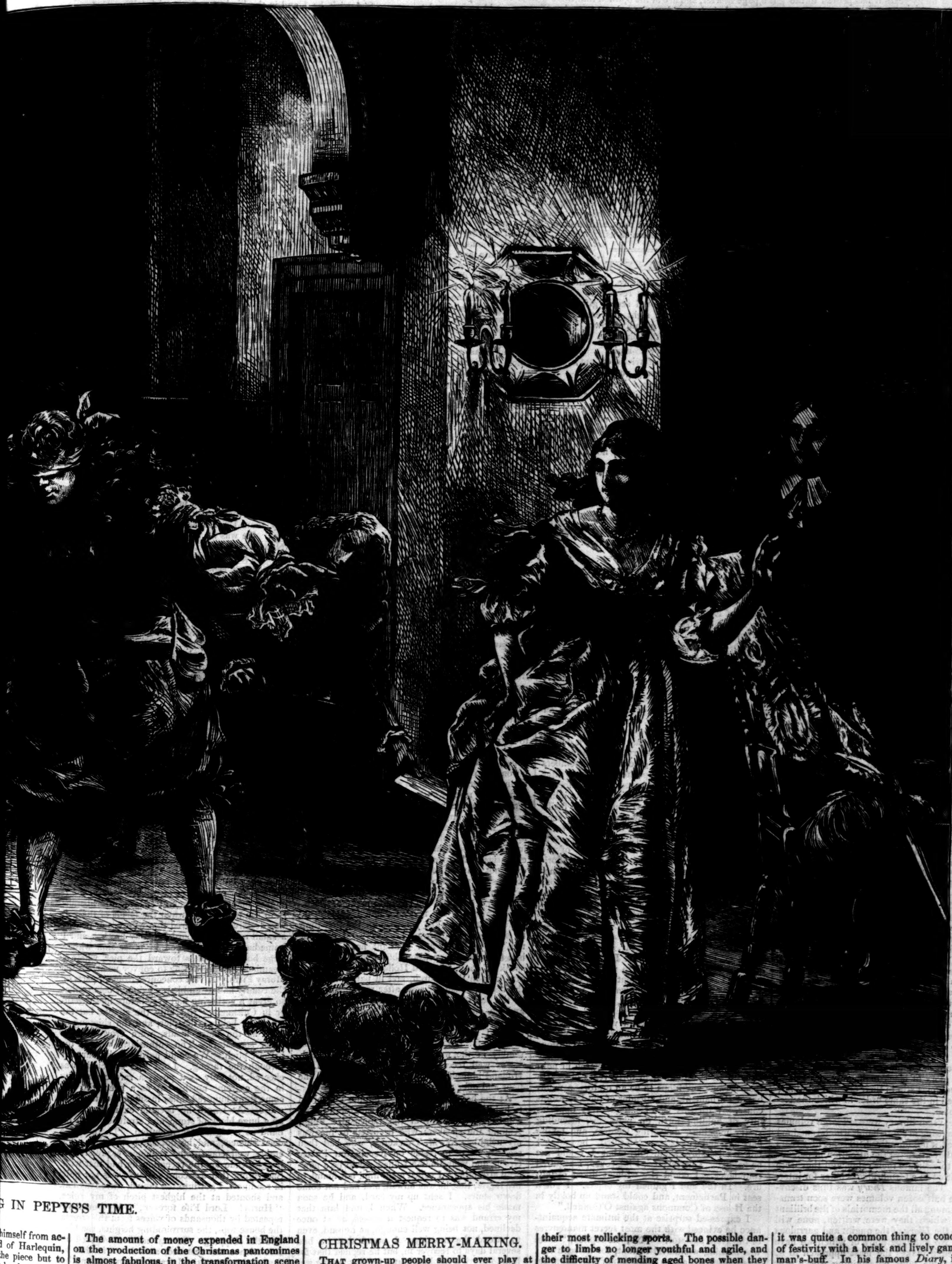

G IN PEPYS'S TIME.

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The amount of money expended in England on the production of the Christmas pantomimes is almost fabulous, in the transformation scene —*i. e.*, the scene where the characters are changed in Clown, Harlequin, etc.—as much as £1000 being sometimes spent on this one effect. In London alone the sum of about £40,000 is annually expended at Christmas time on pantomimes. The *King of the Peacocks*, a pantomime produced at the London Lyceum Theatre during the management of Madame VESTRIS, cost upward of £3000. Even provincial theatres, such as those of Manchester and Edinburgh, consider it right to go to great expense in the production of their Christmas pantomime.

CHRISTMAS MERRY-MAKING.

THAT grown-up people should ever play at blindman's-buff will seem a curious thought to young America, in whose land the enjoyment of such boisterous games is always limited to the youthful members of the family. But among our English cousins, notwithstanding the fact that they are renowned for the coldness of their manners and the grim propriety of their amusements, it is not unusual for the whole household, including grandfathers and grandmothers, parents, uncles, and aunts, to become infected with the spirit of gayety, especially at the merry Christmas season, and join the youngsters in their most rollicking sports. The possible danger to limbs no longer youthful and agile, and the difficulty of mending aged bones when they have sustained a compound fracture, are apparently not thought of, and the old folks enter into the lively pleasures of Christmas tide with as much zest and eagerness as the children.

Our engraving represents a Christmas scene in the time of the "Merrie Monarch," CHARLES the Second. If we may believe the testimony of that inimitable old gossip Mr. Secretary PEPYS, whose quaint descriptions of the life and manners of his time form one of the most interesting works we have upon English customs in the seventeenth century, it would appear that even in those days it was quite a common thing to conclude a day of festivity with a brisk and lively game of blindman's-buff. In his famous *Diary*, in the year 1664, Christmas happening to fall upon Sunday, the following entry occurs under the date: "December 26.—To Sir W. BATTEN's, where Mr. COVENTRY and all our families here, and good discourse and merry, and so home to bed, where my wife and people innocently at cards, very merry. I to bed, leaving them to their sport and blindman's-buff."

It may be that some of our readers have not even heard of SAMUEL PEPYS—PEPYS, the son of a London tailor, who has embalmed for posterity such a world of blended gossip and histor-